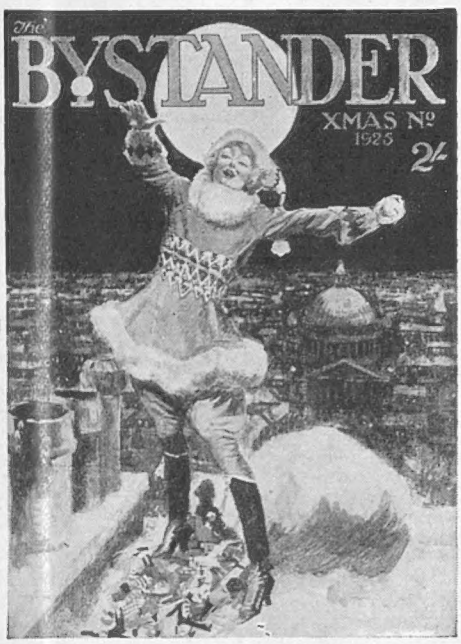
THE BYSTANDER XMAS No., 1925



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The Bystander, January 6, 1926

No. 1153. Vol. LXXXIX

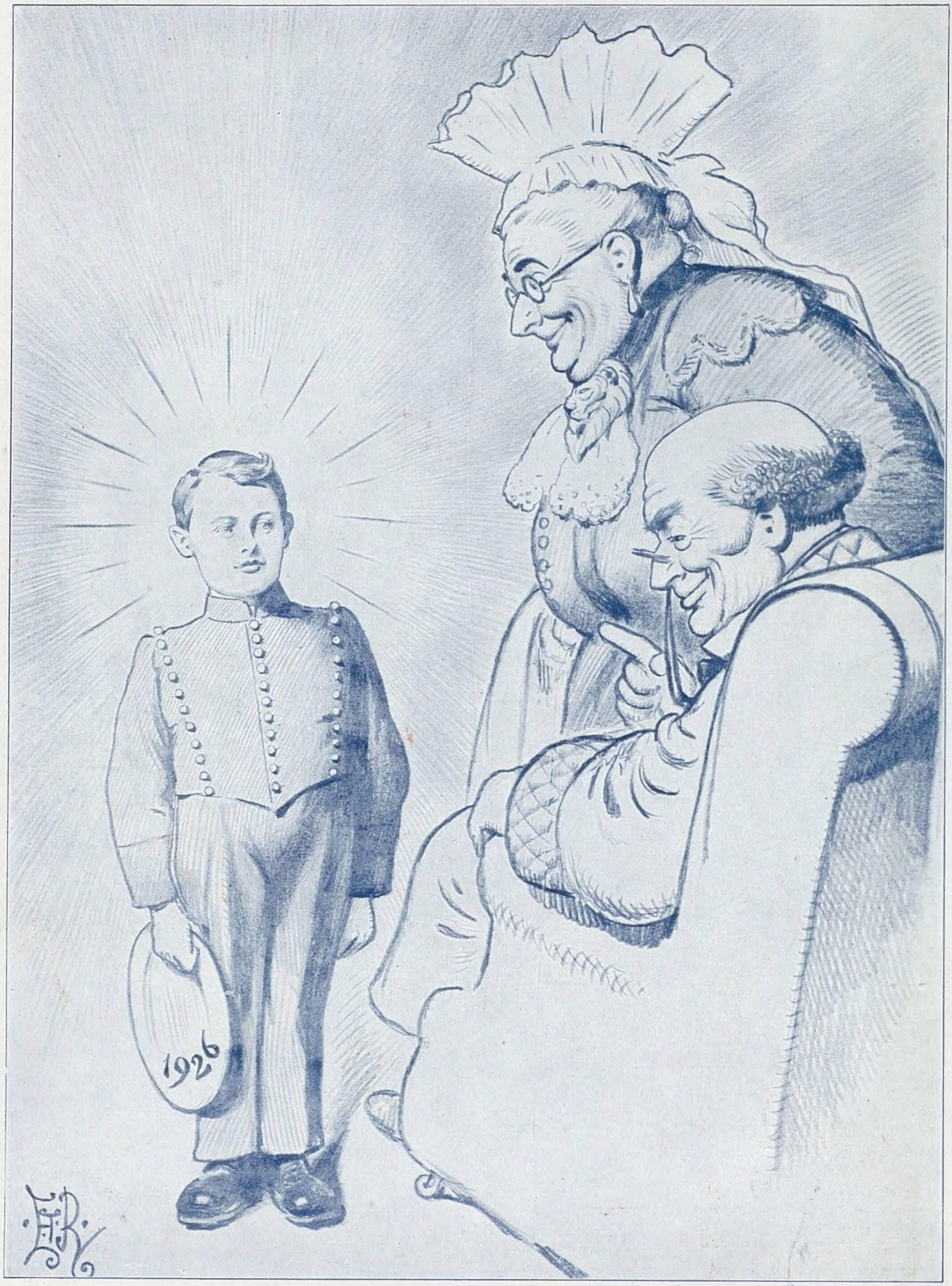
The BYSTANDER

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY

MISS BYSTANDER: "Now that you *have* come in, are you going to be good?"

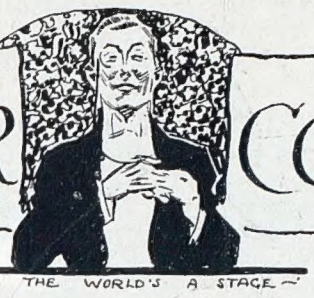
The New Page—of History



BY E. T. REED

JOHN BULL: "Now I hope you're *very* careful in handling China—we have some very valuable pieces of it, and so much of it is getting cracked lately, we shall expect *you* to stop all that"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE—"

"FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS MOST OF US HAVE BEEN LIVING RATHER HECTIC LIVES—"

"I AM VERY FOND OF BRIGHTON—"

"THEY MIGHT EVEN BLOW UP THE AQUARIUM—"

"THE LADY WHO HAD SEVEN PAIRS IN THE TOES OF HER SHOES—"

General Post

FOR the past two weeks, most of us, I imagine, have been living rather hectic lives. We have engaged in that curious game of General Post, which necessitates, in the words of the poet, "finding a ferry to the place where you are not." Londoners have crowded into the country and countrymen have crowded into London.

Home Again

NOW we are home again—the Londoner losing himself happily in his fog and the countryman slopping happily through his puddles. Each, on reflection, decides that he has chosen the better part—that the country is all very well for a week, and—that London wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the traffic. Nothing like a little change to settle you down in that state of life to which it has pleased providence to call you.

A Candid Friend

MYSELF, I went to Brighton for a day or two, and, as a result, I am disposed to play the part of candid friend to that gay city by the sea. I am very fond of Brighton, and anything I may say is said, believe me, in the way of kindness. Brighton is looking very dingy these days. She very badly needs a lick of paint. When I knew her twenty years ago, she suggested Kensington—now she suggests Bloomsbury. She is slipping down the social scale, and she doesn't seem to realise it. That's where the candid friend comes in!

Wake Up, Brighton!

WHO is to blame? Not the theatres! No West End house is run on better lines than the Theatre Royal, and the Regent is one of the really bright spots in England. Not the hotels! These approach the Continental standard, and that is high praise, for the English are not a nation of *hoteliers*. Myself, I should say that Brighton is in danger of losing her sense of local patriotism, and, when you have said that, you have indicted both Town and Corporation in no measured terms. What Brighton needs is a strong personality to force her to take a pride in herself. She is in a groove! She is getting dowdy! Wake up, Brighton!

Purveyors of Pleasure

TO be quite fair, Brighton is not the only sinner in this respect. These great national playgrounds are very difficult undertakings to manage, particularly when one remembers the hands into which the reins of government are apt to fall. It is notoriously

"THE LONDONER LOSING HIMSELF HAPPILY IN HIS FOG—"

"BRIGHTON IS IN DANGER OF LOSING HER PATRIOTISM—"

"WHEN THE MASTER TIED HIS HORSE UP TO A LAMP-POST AND FORGOT TO TAKE IT HOME—"

"THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE—"

"HAD YOU NOTICED THAT GIRLS ARE SMOKING LESS—"

HOWARD K. ELCOCK '25

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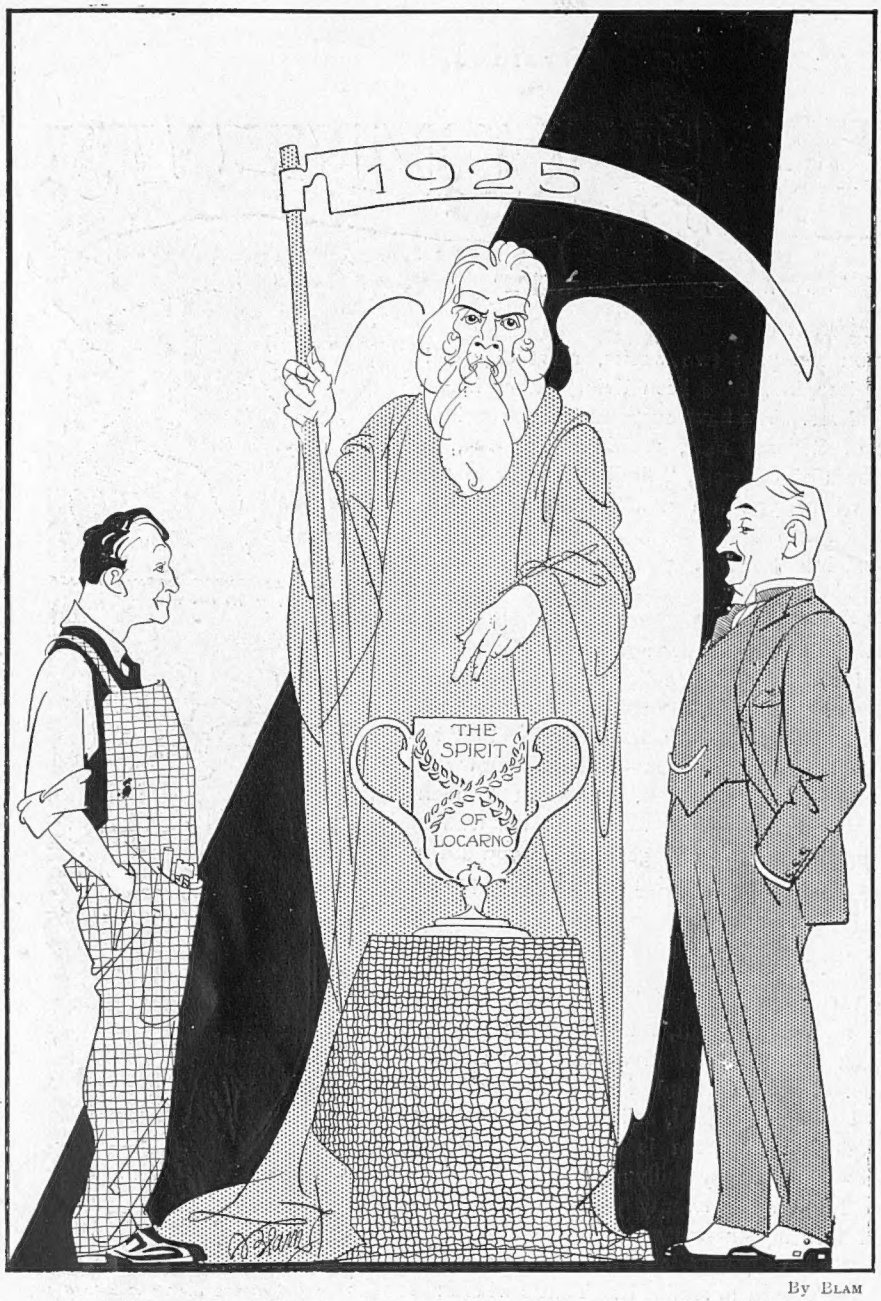


By Blam

"FATHER TIME'S LEGACY TO BRITISH INDUSTRY"

difficult to persuade the right men to take their places upon local ruling authorities, and our purveyors of pleasure are often handling a commodity of which they know nothing at all. I am quite sure it would be worth a penny rate to send the Brighton Town Council to Monte Carlo for a fortnight. On their return, they would throw some of those silly automatic machines into the sea and arrange for a free issue of white paint to proprietors of boarding houses on the King's Road. They might even blow up the Aquarium!

The Holmwood Hunt

It is almost impossible to open a paper without reading some choice tit-bit on the subject of fox-hunting, but the palm must surely be awarded to that special correspondent who discovered and described the meet of the Holmwood Working Men's Hunt. These jolly fellows hunt with guns under the mastership of the local wheelwright, and the pack comprises any sort of dog that feels inclined to join in the chase. One is reminded of the famous meet of the Chelsea harriers in the King's Road, when the Master tied his horse to a lamp-post and forgot to take it home with him in the evening.

Silk and Scent

Life is getting very difficult for the amateur smuggler who likes to replenish her stock of silk stockings at the expense of the Customs. So great are the activities of the port officials that very few hiding places remain undiscovered, and the capture of the lady who had seven pairs in the toes of her shoes has further increased the chances of discovery by the preventive officers. Some of us will have to do a little quiet thinking before we try to run our next cargo. What are we going to do about it? We shall be running out of silk and scent if we aren't careful.

Very Special Editions

When the Minneapolis *Daily Star* arranged for a special "Goodwill Edition" to be edited by four clergymen of different denominations, it set an example that might well be copied in this country. It would be interesting, for instance, if the politicians changed places with the Press for one hectic day; for, while we know what the Press think of the politicians, we have yet to learn what the politicians think of the Press. I seem to remember an evening newspaper being edited by George Robey and containing the leading article, "Whither Are We Withering?" but that wasn't quite the same thing.

Vice versus Virtue

I am a little concerned about the morals of the playhouse. We know that children like to see the shooting of Blind Pew after he has put the black spot on Billy Jones, and it is equally undeniable that any melodrama, if it is to succeed, must give us the downfall of vice and the triumph of virtue in its last act. But when the husband and the lover appealed to the audience in a recent revue sketch, the bad man got the best of it every time. Does this mean that intimate revue appeals to the baser section of the community? Left wondering!

The Two McEvoys

I fancy that Charles McEvoy, who wrote *The Likes of Her* and other clever plays, must have smiled when my morning paper credited him with the full-length portrait of the Duchess of Portland, exhibited some years ago at the International. I don't think Mr. Charles McEvoy could paint a portrait of a Duchess to save his life. He might draw her in a play, but I'm not absolutely sure about that, for his stage characters, as a rule, do not incline to the aristocratic. The portrait was, of course, the work of the dramatist's brother, Ambrose McEvoy.

A Curious Phenomenon

Had you noticed that girls are smoking less? This curious phenomenon has obtruded itself upon my understanding during the past few months, and now comes Mrs. Henderson, widow of Senator J. B. Henderson, of Missouri, with a world-wide campaign against cigarette smoking, and also against the wearing of short skirts. Why doesn't this silly woman keep her eyes open and her mouth shut? Naturally, the girls won't be dictated to, and the only result of the world-wide campaign will be to make them smoke more than ever. The skirts we can safely leave to look after themselves.

A Roman Holiday

BY DAVID WILSON

LLOYDIUS GEORGIUS: 'Now in the name of all the gods at once,
"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed
"That he is grown so great?"

[Mr. Lloyd George and Dr Macnamara are holiday-making in Italy, where, according to report, Mussolini has in cold storage a big announcement, which he will produce next spring not unconnected with a new empire.]

From Our Portrait Gallery

Lafayette

THE HON. MRS. HOARE

A charming photograph of the younger daughter of Viscount Deerhurst and granddaughter of the Earl and Countess of Coventry. She was married last month to Mr. E. B. Hoare, eldest son of Mr. Hoare and Mrs. A. E. Hoare, of Chelsworth Hall, Suffolk.

BEFORE THE RUN

Viscount Lascelles, M.F.H., with the Bramham Moor Hunt at a recent meet held at Wike, near Leeds. Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles is seen on the right of the photograph, the Huntsman, Ted Short, being on the left of the group

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King's Return to London

THE KING AND QUEEN will remain at York Cottage until early in February, when the Court will return to London for the opening of Parliament. The mourning for Queen Alexandra naturally prevented all the usual Christmas festivities, and there was an especial sadness in the despatch of the gifts which the late Queen had already chosen for many of her relations and friends. The Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Henry, the King and Queen of Norway with Prince Olaf, and Princess Victoria kept their Christmas with the King and Queen.

Foot-and-mouth disease having abated in those regions, the Prince of Wales has moved his hunters to Melton Mowbray from Leighton Buzzard, where they have been stabled so far this season.

Courts and Prophecies

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN announces only three Courts during the coming season, with one at Holyrood. But the last has the proviso "if Their Majesties' engagements permit."

Last season each of the four Courts were so largely attended that one wonders how three will cover the number of *débutantes* and those who wish "to pay their duty to Their Majesties" by attendance. The announcement of the Court at Holyrood may, of course, be taken as

Photographs *Central News*

ROYALTY AT THE MEET

Princess Mary riding to join the meet of the Bramham Moor Hunt at Wike, near Leeds She is seen with the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles

Photographs TWO CAMERA KILLS FROM THE BALLROOM *Sport and General*

Two photographs taken at the recent South Notts Hunt Ball, held at the Palais de Danse, Nottingham. The group on the left includes the Master, Mr. Robert W. Kaye, seen standing third from the left, Miss Roy, Miss Player, Miss Bennett, Capt. and Mrs. Moseley, Capt. Horton, Mr. Fisher and Mr. A. A. Sidney Villar. The group on the right shows, standing: Mr. Noel Anson (left), Mr. W. Bull, Mr. Gunning and Mr. A. Birkin. Sitting: Miss Amy Bull (left), the Hon. Lady Birkin, Miss B. Chapman and Miss A. Margot Birkin

HUNTING SEATS—AT THE BALL

A group of dancers at the Stevenstone Hunt Ball at Barnstaple take the camera's attack sitting down. The photograph includes: Mrs. Oliver, Capt. Rawlins, Mrs. Nichols, Miss B. Stucley, Miss Blakie, Miss Laurance, Mr. Barlow, Mrs. Kirkwood, Miss Furse, Miss Davie, Capt. Roberts and Miss Roberts

an intimation that Scottish folk should do their devoir at Edinburgh instead of at Buckingham Palace. If it is such an intimation, and if it is followed, there would naturally be a considerable lessening in the numbers attending the Courts in London.

The announcement, too, of the Scottish Court means that the King and Queen will pay their annual visit to Edinburgh, which was abandoned last year because of the rearrangement of Their Majesties' engagements owing to the King's enforced absence abroad in the spring.

I am told that one of the reasons why only three Courts are to be held is that, now Wembley is no more, there will be fewer visitors of distinction from the Colonies and overseas. Those who like to sit in the seats of the prophets are already anticipating a "dull season" from the Lord Chamberlain's announcement. But I don't see why. From nursery days we have known that "one swallow doesn't make a summer." How, in the name of reason, can one Court the fewer make a "dull season"?

Old-Fashioned Entertaining

ALTHOUGH a goodly number of folk spent the Christmas holidays abroad, like the Duchess of Hamilton and Lord Clydesdale, who went to Switzerland, Lord and Lady Birkenhead, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, and others, who went to the South of France, most of the great country houses followed the old tradition of entertaining.

Lord and Lady Londonderry had a party at Wynyard Park, including Princess Helena Victoria; Lord and Lady Pembroke entertained at Wilton, as did also Lord Durham at Lambton, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden at Chirk, Lord and Lady Ancaster at Grimsthorpe, the Duke of Roxburghe at Floors, and Lord and Lady Scarborough at Sandbank, where the Spanish Ambassador, Marquis Merry del Val, was one of their guests. Lord

Photographs VERY MUCH OFF DUTY! *Topical*

A photograph taken at the R.A.F. Ball recently held at Halton Camp, Wendover. The group shows, standing: Mr. Roland Moore (left), Squadron-Leader Cowtan and Flight-Officer Nicholl. Seated: Miss Lucas (left), Flight-Lieut. Cairns, Mrs. Cowtan, Miss V. Wrigley, Mr. Payne and Miss Mackay Davison

Bassano

MRS. BROOKE-POPHAM

The younger daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Edgar Hugonin, whose marriage to Air Vice-Marshal Brooke-Popham, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College, took place recently. She is a niece of Sir Granville Wheler

and Lady Anglesey were at Plas Newydd, and Lord and Lady Derby left for Cannes after entertaining a small family party.

The Marquises of Ely

THE death of the fifth Marquis of Ely gives us another Colonial peeress, the new Marchioness having been born in Tasmania. She married the then heir to the marquisate, Lord George Loftus, as his second wife. Her son is now the heir, Lord Ely only having a daughter by his first marriage.

The marquisate of Ely—the name comes from a small island near Enniskillen, not from the city in Cambridgeshire, the spire of whose cathedral is a landmark for miles around—was conferred upon a Tottenham, who succeeded his uncle, the first and last Earl of Ely, at the time of the union of Great Britain and Ireland. Gossip of the day said the marquisate was the reward for this gentleman's support of the union between the two countries. He took his uncle's family name of Loftus in place of his own.

There have been six Marquises of Ely—including the new peer—in the last hundred and twenty-four years, and, by an unusual circumstance in a family of that rank, not one of them has married into the peerage. The first two Marquises married the daughters of baronets, but the other four have all married the daughters of commoners.

Lafayette

MISS DOREEN ARBUTHNOT

Who is on tour with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Thirteenth Chair." Miss Arbuthnot is a grand-niece of Georgina Lady Dudley and the late Duchess of Atholl

Lafayette

MRS. C. A. KERSHAW

The wife of Lieut.-Commander C. A. Kershaw, the famous International Rugby player and fencer. Mrs. Kershaw is the daughter of the late Major-General Sir Charles Parsons, K.C.M.G.

The Fire at Hagley Hall

THERE is widespread sympathy for Lord Cobham, the head of the famous Lyttleton cricketing family, over the disastrous fire at Hagley Hall. A considerable portion of the library, I believe, was saved, although many of the books and the portfolios of drawings were badly damaged by water. But beyond this, the loss seems to be irreparable, and the collections made by the late Lord Cobham with such care and knowledge have mostly disappeared in the flames.

The late Lord Cobham—he was the eighth Viscount—spent many years in collecting old furniture, china of all kinds,

Sport and General

A HAMPSHIRE MEET

Lord and Lady Templemore with two of their children, the Hon. Dermot and the Hon. Desmond Chichester, at a meet of the Hampshire Hounds. The meet took place recently at Upton House, Alresford, Lord Templemore's country seat

miniatures, tapestries, prints and drawings. All these things, together with books, certain papers, the pictures and the plate in the house, he made heirlooms when he died three years ago. The library and the family portraits were especially valuable.

Hagley was a fine old house, and its destruction, in its way, is as great a loss as its contents. The fire spread so rapidly that Lord Cobham, his family, and guests had no time to dress before making their escape. His father had an unique experience amongst landlords. On one occasion his tenants offered him a 25 per cent. increase on their rents. The attitude of tenants to most landlords lies generally in precisely the opposite direction.

Lord Cobham has a house near Bromley, in Kent, where he lived entirely before succeeding to the peerage. Last year he and Lady Cobham started a poultry farm there, which, I hear, is doing very well in the matter of birds and eggs. Lady Cobham, I see, has just bought a house at Littlehampton from Lady Percy St. Maur.

A Question of Designation

YOUR Bystander, and a good many other people besides, could never understand why the third wife—whose death occurred recently—of the statesman Duke of Argyll was styled, or styled herself, Dowager Duchess of Argyll. The designation "Dowager" is generally taken to indicate the mother of the reigning peer. In this case the lady was "the stepmother twice removed," as somebody once described her, of her husband's successor, the late Duke of Argyll, the husband of Princess Louise, and known for so many years as the Marquis of Lorne.

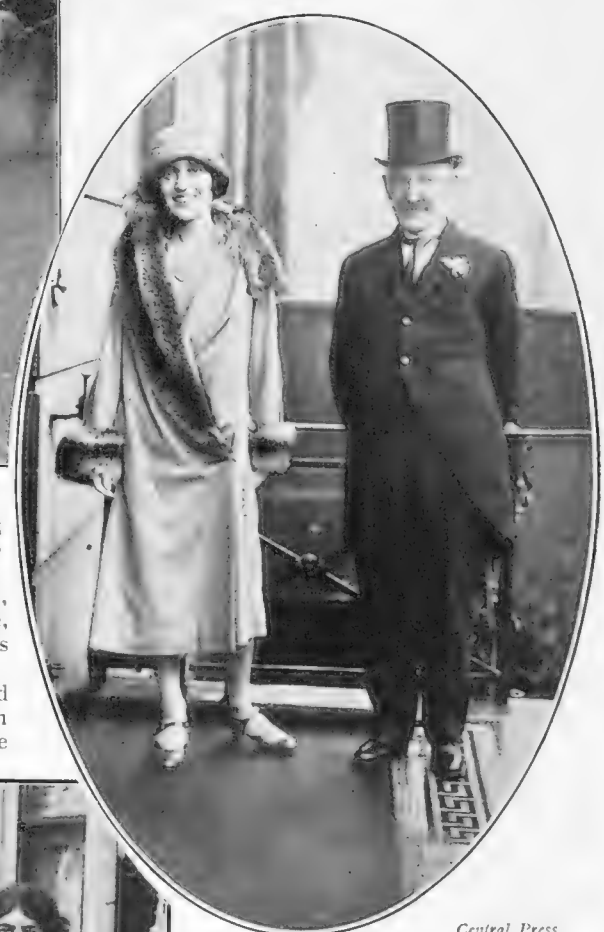
The late Duchess's husband had three wives. The first, by whom he had a large family, was the daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, and that great figure in early Victorian society, Harriet Duchess of Sutherland; his second was the widow of a Bishop. The third, the lady who has just died, he married in his old age, and not entirely to the satisfaction of his family. The late Duchess, who was a MacNeill of Colonsay, was originally *lectrice* to Queen Victoria, and later was appointed an extra Woman of the Bedchamber.

Her death will make a considerable difference to the present Duke of Argyll, as she had a jointure of £4,000 a year and the island of Macharioch, on the west coast of Scotland. There is a good house on Macharioch, with beautiful gardens where sub-tropical plants grow as luxuriantly as in the south of Cornwall.

Central News

DOWN UNDER

The Hon. J. G. Coates, who is the Prime Minister of New Zealand, photographed with his wife



Central Press

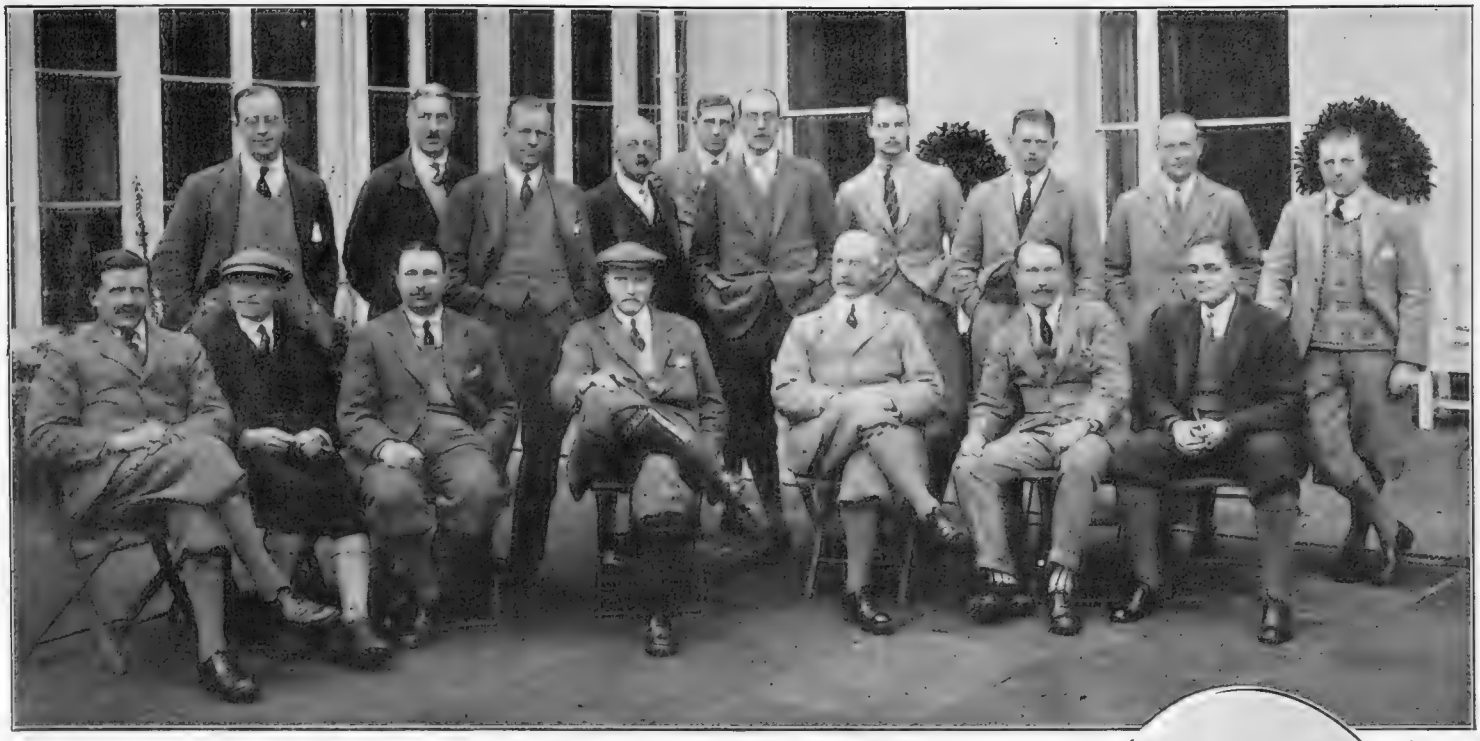
SIR EDWARD STERN

Whose marriage to Miss Sybil Tuck took place last week, at the Synagogue, Upper Berkeley Street. The photograph shows him with his bride, after the ceremony

A Warning About Jewels

THERE is sound common sense in the police warning to women not to wear valuable jewellery when walking in the streets or shopping. The warning is given because of the many robberies "from the person" that are taking place almost daily, the greater number of which never find their way into the newspapers for the simple reason that the matter begins with the discovery of the loss and ends with the report to the police, who, generally, have not a single clue as to the thief.

The modern fashion for wearing valuable jewellery in the daytime and in the street seems to have bred



R.A.C. v. H.B. GOLFING SOCIETY

The teams photographed before the match, which took place recently at Epsom. The players are (standing): Capt. Elwes (left), Mr. F. D. Toomey, Lt.-Col. C. Martin Row, Mr. C. V. Paull, Mr. C. E. Woodhouse, Capt. Booker-Milburn, Capt. Myddleton, Capt. Ellison, Capt. Parker and Mr. Grant. Seated: Capt. Sir Geoffrey Palmer (left), Lt.-Col. H. S. Scott-Harden, Capt. Fryer, Brig.-Gen. Sir David Kinloch, Bart., C.B., Sir Alfred Mays-Smith, Major Lambert and Mr. D. Stephenson

a particular kind of expert thief. Pearl necklaces are a speciality of one type. The thieves who snatch necklaces or pendants from women's necks are clumsy amateurs in comparison with this type.

Recently a lady, after she had been looking in a shop-window in Regent Street, discovered that her very valuable pearl necklace was gone. She knew it was safe before she stopped at the window, so there was no question of its having fallen off anywhere else. Discovering the loss almost immediately after she had moved away, she hurried back. But there was no sign of the necklace, and she returned home, a sad and miserable woman.

Later in the day, however, when she was changing her dress, she found her necklace in an under-garment. The string had been cut neatly through at the back. No question of breaking—the pearls had only been re-threaded the day before; it was a clean cut.

Obviously, this is what had happened. As she was looking in the shop-window a thief—who had probably "spotted" the necklace and followed her until the shop-window gave him his opportunity—had cut the string with some small sharp instrument concealed in his hand. This for an expert would be the work of a second.

If the string of pearls had fallen to the ground, a rapid stoop, a snatch and an equally rapid disappearance would have rewarded the thief. But in this case the string of pearls was knotted, and the weight of the knot carried the pearls down inside the lady's dress. If it had not been knotted, the string, of course, would have fallen to the ground.

As so many imitation pearl necklaces are worn nowadays, this type of thief must have a good many disappointments; but, on the other hand, I am told that some of them are as expert in detecting the imitation from the real as jewellers themselves.

Sport and General

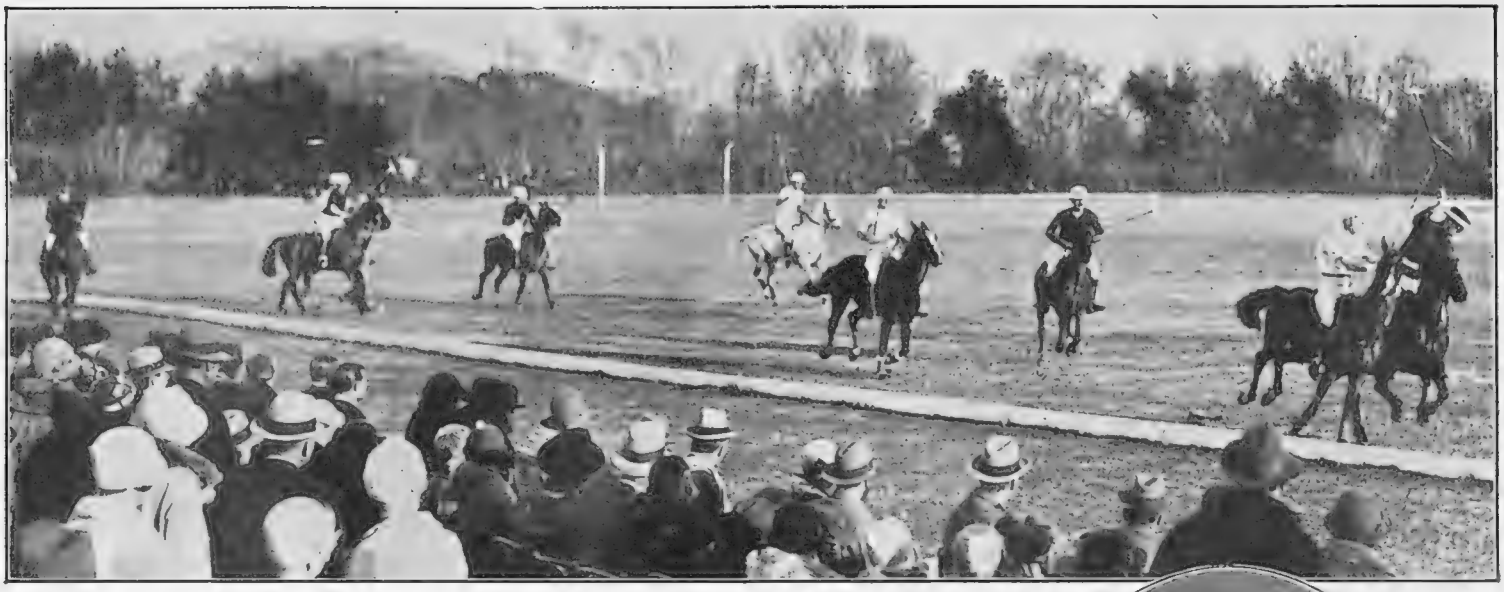
FIELD TRIALS

Mrs. Quintin Dick, one of the judges, and Col. Thynne at the 7th meeting of the English Springer Spaniel Club, which was held recently at Idsworth, Horndean

Daily Press

A NEW VENTURE

Miss Eve and Miss Mary Balfour, the daughters of Lady Betty Balfour, are successfully running their own sheep farm at Haughley, in Suffolk. Miss Mary Balfour is seen busily instructing some of her pupils, whilst her sister holds the subject of discussion!



Topical

THE SPORT OF KINGS AND NATIONS

A photograph taken during one of the hard-fought chukkas of the match for the Coupe de Noel in which seven nations were represented. Brilliant sunshine helped to make a success of the opening of the Polo season at Cannes.

"The Riviera week by week."

WHAT a Christmas it was! There have never been so many visitors on the Riviera before at this time of the year, and record attendances were reported at all the countless gala dinners, dances, and sporting events of the holiday week—though all weeks are holiday weeks down here. Fortunately for the reputation of the district, the weather was wonderfully mild for mid-winter. Christmas Day itself was brilliantly sunny, and a strong breeze made the atmosphere so clear that distant mountains seemed to be only a mile or two away. Boxing Day was better still, with less wind, while the Sunday which followed was perfectly calm, warm and altogether ideal. It gave intense delight to the large crowd which turned up at Mandelieu after lunch for the first big polo match of the season.

THE game was a very even one, and the teams taking part were so thoroughly international that they deserve to be recorded here in full. The Reds comprised Count J. de Madre (French, and the captain of the famous Indian combination known as "The Tigers"), Major Philip Magor (English), Count Zogheb (Egyptian), and Señor de Landa y Escandon (Mexican, and the husband of a former Irish peeress). The Whites were Mr. W. Balding (English), Baron de Bonstetten (Swiss), Mr. H. E. Elkins (American), and Baron de Schroeders (Chilian). Seven nationalities in eight players was not so bad!

THE professional tennis tournament for the Bristol Cup and the championship of France at the Carlton was a great success, and provided a final struggle between Albert Burke, the eventual winner, and Najuch so exciting that a large crowd remained to the very end, although it was by then long past the usual luncheon hour. A club tournament at the Cannes Tennis Club begins on January 4, and the annual children's competitions at this club are also on.

THE smartest and jolliest of entertainments on Christmas Day was the gala at the Carlton, where 350 diners had a wonderful night and every lady received a handsome gift from the directors. The largest table was that of Mr. H. C. Stewart, a pioneer in the Malay States rubber industry, who had a score or thereabouts of friends with him. The Restaurant des Ambassadeurs was also crowded at night, and there were huge Christmas trees for the youngsters at the Grand and the Beau-Site, followed by dancing.

ONE of the main topics of conversation in golfing circles all along the Riviera during the next month or two will certainly be the forthcoming competitions for THE BYSTANDER Golf Prizes. There will be mixed foursomes at Mont Agel, Valescure, Nice, Costebelle and Hyères, and the various secretaries concerned are now engaged in fixing the dates and attending to other necessary details. These events are always a source of keen interest, and further information will be given shortly.

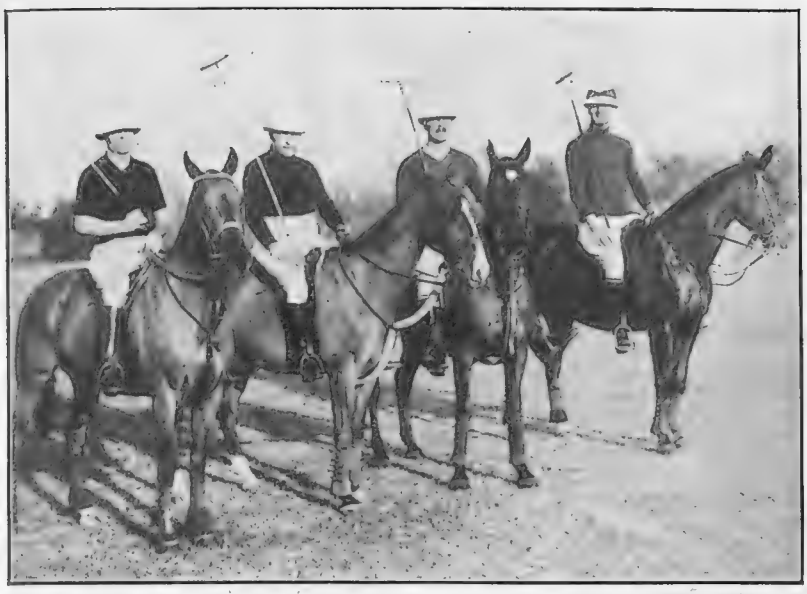
THE new "Casino de Santa Lucia," at St. Raphael, was announced to open on January 29 with an official luncheon, to which all the leading members of the winter colony and the local authorities were invited. The name suggests an ecclesiastical establishment rather than a casino, but it is going to be an important addition to the entertainment facilities of the town, and frivolous persons will not be deterred from entering by the saintly name. The New Year's Eve Ball at the Golf Club was the big event of the week, and sportsmen were expected in large numbers for the occasion.

NICE is all prepared for the Race Meeting which commences on January 2 at the pretty racecourse at the mouth of the River Var, and the hotels are filling up fast. The officers of the American cruiser in Villefranche have been entertaining a good deal lately, or being entertained, and the American colony is larger than ever before. Lord Stevenson and a party of friends are at

Topical

ON THE COURTS

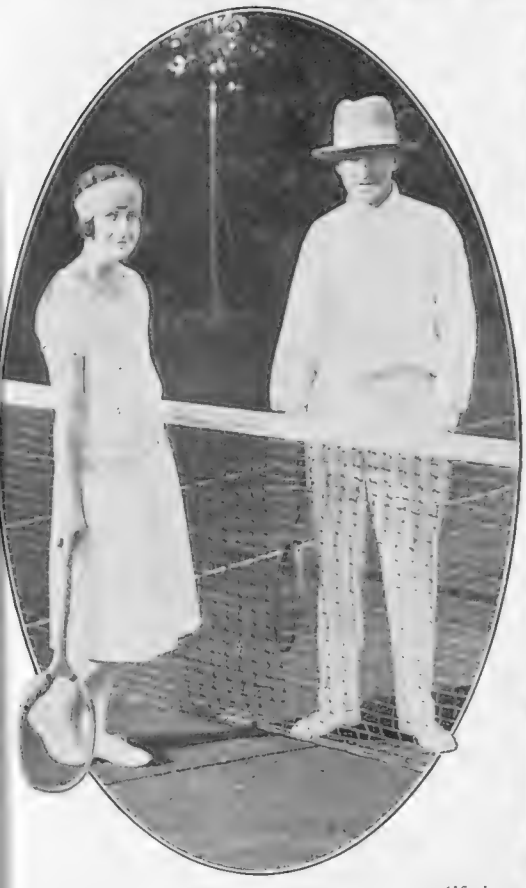
A photograph of Lady Orr Lewis and Mrs. Frank Mackey taken on the Carlton Courts at Cannes



Photographs THE RIVAL TEAMS *Alfieri*

The Reds: Signor de Landa y Escandon (Mexico) (left), Count de Madre (France), Count Zogheb (Egypt) and Major P. Magor (England)

The Whites: Mr. Elkins (U.S.A.) (left), Baron de Schroeders (Germany), Mr. W. Balding (England) and Baron de Bonstetten (Switzerland)



Alfieri

NETTED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Mr. Cyril Atkinson, K.C., M.P. for the Altrincham division of Cheshire, photographed with his daughter, Eileen, on the lawn tennis courts at Beaulieu

A FAMILY PARTY *Alfieri*

Sir Henry and Lady Norman who were guests at Lord Aberconway's Christmas party at the Château de la Garoupe, Antibes. The photograph shows them with their two sons, Anthony and Willoughby

A THREESOME AT MANDELIEU *Topical*

Col. Francis Popham (left), Lord Dunedin and Lord Birkenhead photographed whilst playing a round on the golf links at Mandelieu.

the Bristol at Beaulieu, where Sir William and Lady Joynson-Hicks seem to be enjoying their holiday very much, as well they might do in such pleasant surroundings. Mr. Rudolph Valentino has reserved rooms at one of the leading hotels in Nice, and many other film stars are in the neighbourhood. Strange and dramatic scenes may be encountered at any moment in the country roads around Nice, and eccentric characters in uncommon dresses are frequently seen by visitors, a cinema operator generally being close at hand to explain what would otherwise alarm the unsuspecting. The brilliant atmosphere and the gener-

ous allowance of sunshine on the French Riviera are gradually attracting the big men of the film world, and it is rather surprising that there are not more of the British industry taking advantage of these important factors.

MR. HENRY TRUB, the Continental Director of the Gordon Hotels, Ltd., has just been appointed to the Grand Croix of the Order of Saint-Sepulchre, of which M. Painlevé was recently elected Grand Master. Mr. Trub, who is well known on the Riviera, is the Counsel of Brazil, and a member of the Chambre Consultative de Monaco.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

Sport *on the* Côte d'Azur

LAWN TENNIS

THERE was one very noticeable thing about the recent competition for the Professional Championship of France, held on the courts of the Carlton Club at Cannes. The professionals almost invariably accepted decisions by umpires which are by courtesy termed "doubtful" with an absolutely good grace—in marked contrast to the behaviour of some amateur players in similar circumstances. I saw only one instance in which the umpire had any sort of pressure brought to bear upon him. This was when a player served a ball "bang down the middle," which gave him game; but the umpire called it a fault. However, the opponent, knowing that it was nothing of the kind, just walked to the side of the court preparatory to changing over; whereupon the umpire, taking in the situation at a glance, judiciously forgot his call and awarded the game to the other man. Having myself managed a tournament in London in which several of these "professors" had taken part, I was quite prepared for the tone of good sportsmanship and cheeriness—in spite of weather that was at times pretty awful—which prevailed, and I thought that the play, in the teeth of the tearing gale which blew for the greater part of the time, was very good indeed.

THE conditions undoubtedly favoured the more physically strong men, and because of this Najuch, the Pole, who merely has to lean up against the ball and give it what looks to be a sort of tap in order to send it whizzing over the net at a furious pace, came very near to turning the tables in the final upon Albert Burke, who beat him in the final of this same competition a year ago, and also at Deauville in the summer. Burke's tactics rather surprised me—and a good many others. By nature he is an aggressive player of the "all-round" game, and I am not paying him too high a compliment when I say that he is one of the most brilliant players of this type of

Topical

THE MORNING STROLL
The Ranee of Pudukota, with an indispensable companion of her walks abroad, at Cannes

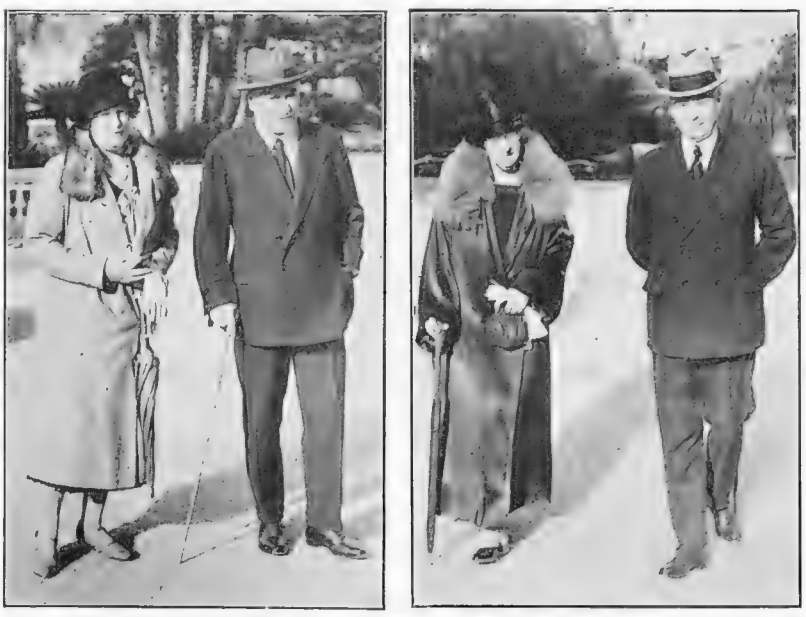
game in France. But in this tournament, possibly out of respect for the gale, he set himself deliberately to play the "safety first" game nearly all the time, making hardly any use at all of his volleying powers. However, he made it pay in the long run, so that that was that. But Najuch very nearly hammered three straight sets out of him before the "wearing-down process" had begun to take effect, and I am devoutly hoping that this last win of his will not induce Burke to join the dull and dreary ranks of the "stone-wallers." Next after Burke and Najuch I put Négro, the Italian—a versatile customer who makes light of a slight limp (a legacy of the war) and specialises in "freak" shots which jump about all over the place—and the younger Burke, Edmond, who stood up to Najuch as bravely as anybody, and is very nearly as good a man as his elder brother.

TURNING from the professionals to the amateurs, it is pleasing to find "the old familiar faces," such as Colonel Mayes, Lord Cholmondeley, Brame Hillyard, Wallis Myers, Jack Hillyard (the son of Commander Hillyard, R.N., one of the finest players of his day), C. F. Aeschliman, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Miss Bennett (who made her name out here last year), Mrs. O'Neill, and several others of equal or almost equal prowess again amongst us. About the best of the newcomers to date is D. M. Greig, who made a promising start at Monte Carlo, where he took a set off the crack French player J. Brugnon. Another man who did well against Brugnon was Lord Cholmondeley, and I shall not be at all surprised if this keen and painstaking player one of these days achieves that little bit of an upward jump which will land him right in the front rank. The incomparable Suzanne has been playing in doubles and mixed doubles, but I gather that she means to adhere to her last season's programme and only to play in singles at the tournaments of her home club at Nice. One misses Miss Ryan very much; I am told that when last heard of she was in Mexico.

POLO

THE polo ground at Mandelieu has been immensely improved by drainage operations, the efficacy of which, as it happens, has been well tested. Thanks to these improvements the polo season was inaugurated most successfully on the last Sunday of the Old Year with a match for the International "Coupe de Noel" between two teams whose evident enjoyment of the game was echoed in the plaudits of those who were watching their efforts. The "Whites," consisting of Mr. W. Balding (England), Baron de Bonstetten (Switzerland), H. Elkin (America), and Baron de Schroeders (Chili), beat the "Reds"—Major P. Magor (England), Count M. Zogheb (Egypt), Mr. de Landa y Escandon (Mexico) and Comte J. de Madre (France)—by 8 goals to 6 after an absolutely even game, in which the standard of the play was high enough to give promise of a most engaging future. The two newcomers to Riviera polo, Mr. Elkins and Count Zogheb, who were, of course, closely watched by their *confrères* as well as by the onlookers, emerged from the ordeal with credit. There was nothing specially thrilling about the polo on the Riviera last season, but this season's prospects are much more encouraging, and there are rumours of bigger happenings in store.

H. S. S.



Alfieri

IN THE SUNSHINE OF BEAULIEU
Two snapshots from this picturesque corner of the Côte d'Azur, where many people are spending a well-earned holiday. On the left are Lord and Lady Stevenson, and on the right Sir William and Lady Joynson-Hicks

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"COLONELS."

(By H. M. Bateman.)

Here's a book
I like its look
All about Colonels—
And, to me, a Colonel
Is a thing infernal.
Colonels!
I've suffered from the blighters in the Mess.
They've even dared to criticise my dress!
They've said rude things to me upon parade—
Found me, and left me, damnably afraid.
Colonels!
This isn't fun,
I'm seeing red.
I hate 'em, all but one,
And he is dead.
They've stood behind me on the barrack square
And talked about the way I cut my hair.
They've watched me try to drill an awkward squad
And walked away, muttering a faint: "My God!"

Colonels!
Do you know?
If I saw sixty Colonels in a row,
Each separate Colonel in a separate fit,
I really shouldn't mind one single bit.
Colonels!
If some of you
Have suffered, too,
Then buy this book that H. M. Bateman drew;
And see, within its wild hilarious pages,
Colonels in seven-and-forty different rages.
Cursing at golf,
Because the ball will not come off
The tee.
Cursing like anything—at nothing!
Cursing both high and low
Just as they cursed at me
Ten years ago . . . .
I don't like Colonels, but, I must confess,
That H. M. Bateman seems to like them less.

JACK JONES, M.P.

(Who wants a tax on Russian Boots.)

Mr. Jack Jones
(Loud cheers and groans)
Is good for fun
With any one.
And that's why he
Became M.P.

Jack's latest joke
Is quite immense;
I didn't think
He'd that much sense.
(Bravo! Boo-hoo!)
The same to you!

This joke of Jack's
Concerns a tax
(More groans and hoots)
On Russian Boots.
This fashion, girls, has given him pain
He wants to see your legs again!

THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF

The Man with a Load of Mischief
Was writ with a grey goose quill
On the formal four-square pattern
Of a century-old quadrille
The tale of a midnight meeting;
A whisper behind a fan;
Of Love that laughed at the Noble
And smiled on the Noble's man.

The Man with a Load of Mischief
Was penned by a master hand.
Its delicate, old-world phrases
Are strung on a silken strand.
A test of the taste of London—
Established beyond a doubt.
A proof that the poor old public
Is wiser than folk make out.

The Man with a Load of Mischief
As playgoers all agree,
Was written, produced and acted
As a comedy ought to be.
Written, produced and acted,
By people who really knew;
And so, it netted a fortune,
As a comedy ought to do.

The Man with a Load of Mischief
Went over the raging main;
Played for a two weeks' season
And then he came home again.
They laughed at his "load of English,"
Their money is still in their Banks;
But The Man with the Load of Mischief
Has got the laugh on the Yanks

The Man with a Load of Mischief
Is a kind of miracle play.
'Tis quality—quality—quality—
And quality all the way.
And, surely, the miracle happened,
And everyone knew that it would!
Let us hope they'll remember the moral
That nothing can be too good

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It is a good thing for a man to have family ties, but they can be overdone as New Year gifts.

. . . . . .

We learn that a party of rich American widows will shortly be visiting these shores. We trust that the widows' cruise will be a pleasant one.

. . . . . .

Certain London theatres have been doing excellent business. One manager was even heard to remark: "Tiers, idle tiers, I know not what they mean!"

. . . . . .

"Who is Gilbert Frankau, father?"

"My boy, have you never heard of the Frankau-Prussian War?"

. . . . . .

"Should we abolish collars?" asks a correspondent. Judging by the tackling we saw recently in some Rugger matches, we are on the road to do so.

. . .

"Would you like to go and see *Peter Pan* next Wednesday, Bobby?"

"Rather! Wendy's my birthday."

. . .

Who is the outstanding character in this year's production of Sir J. M. Barrie's fantasy? We suppose Mr. George Shelton would exclaim, "It's smee!"

. . .

Just a few lines from a bashful poet.

. . .

It would be as strange to hear a knight of to-day use the adjuration, "By my halidom," as to hear a fishmonger reply, "Buy my halibut!"

A contemporary asks which is the finest American lyric ever published. We can supply the answer, "Ping!"

I'd like to be a pal to you—
(Ping! and a little bit more.)
I'd like to be a guy you knew—
(Ping! and a little bit more.)
I'd like to be a bumble bee
A-buzzin' at your back door;
Then you'd get all that was coming to you—
Ping! and a little bit more!

. . . . . .

The Merry Widow has been made into a film play. Many will recall the character of Sonia in the play that made one want to say, "And yet so far!"

. . . . . .

Jones secundus had been caught playing cards for money. "Now," said his house-master as he reached for his cane, "at this game I cut and you shuffle!"

. . . . . .

With regard to their water pipes, householders should remember that it is always best to be prepared for the burst.

. . . . . .

An author says that rage will sometimes make a small man write like a great one. He ought to see the masterpiece we have addressed to our tailor.

No one writes in the old melodramatic way, says a theatrical paper. Don't they? Just gimme my pen.

Scene:—Banqueting Room at the Blitz Hotel.

Lucy: So this is the Blitz! How vastly different from the village inn at home. Yet must you really cross the main to-morrow?

Jack: The die is cast. 'Tis hey for fortune and the Scotch goldfields. At dawn I sail for Peebles.

Lucy: Ah me! My heart misgives me.

Jack: You mean you fear the Baron de Bauch. But why does your father, the bluff squire, encourage this profligate?

Lucy: Listen. Some sixty years ago the Baron enticed my father to a séance. They played for high stakes and at first my father won.

Jack: A trap! Lucy, a trap!

Lucy: They reached the 9th green, and twice my father copped the brewer and was twopence on the can.

Jack: A shrewd move indeed.

Lucy: Flushed with success, my father drained at one draught the Baron's glass. The Baron never forgives an insult. In an instant, before my father could huff him—

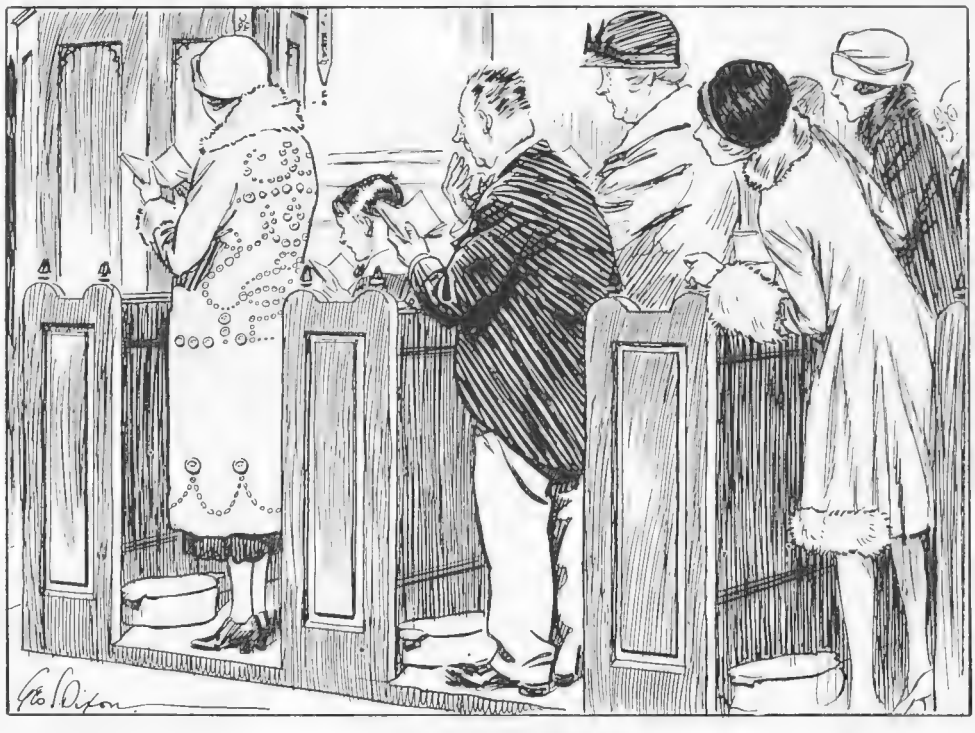
Jack: Go on, girl, go on.

Lucy: The villain played the double-six!

Jack: A felon stroke!

Lucy: And that is how the Baron came to possess the mortgage on our ancestral domain.

That will be all for the present, thank you.—Ed.



THE SILENT REBUKE — By G. S. Dixon

The Vicar's wife displays last year's button collection on her new winter coat

"It's Never Dark if He's Around!"

BY HYNES

HAL SHERMAN

The "eccentrician" whose dancing is so well known at the Piccadilly and Kit-Cat, has done much to popularise that old-world ballad, "When my Sugar walks down the Street," without singing a note. His pantomimic gestures and expressive feet are nearly as funny as his bow tie.

Produced November 23, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is quite an ingenious play. It begins by making us laugh—a little nervously perhaps—at the idea of ghosts, and then proceeds, like the Fat Boy, to make our flesh creep. The scene is the small and ill-kept waiting-room of a remote Cornish railway station. Owing to the inconsiderate action of one of the passengers, who, having lost his hat through the window, pulls the communication cord, the train arrives too late at the junction for the connecting express. There is no other prospect before the passengers but to pass the night in the dreary waiting-room. This, however, the station-master forbids absolutely for the reason that, after a certain hour of the night, the place is haunted.

THE idea of a haunted railway station is received with considerable amusement, but the station-master's conviction is not to be shaken. He, for one, will not risk his life by remaining there after hours, and, as he must see that all is locked up before he leaves, everyone else must clear out as well. So desperate are his fears of ghostly intervention that he goes to the length of saying that he is prepared, in the last resort, to remove the company by force. As, however, three of the six passengers concerned happen to be young men of obvious muscularity, his decision is necessarily modified by the overwhelming circumstances. One of the young men, therefore, tries diplomacy. Aware of the itching palm of the railway man, he presses a diplomatic pound into the station-master's prehensile hand, and not only obtains permission to stay the night on the spot, but also hears the blood-curdling story of the Ghost Train, which the scared station-master narrates in awe-inspiring tones.

A YEAR or two previously there had been a disastrous accident on that part of the line, and on the anniversary of the tragedy a phantom train driven by ghostly hands, and signalled in a mysterious and quite unauthorised manner, comes crashing through the station from nowhere

to nowhere. Guiding lights are shown along the line by the spirits of the dead that haunt the scene for positively one night only. To look upon the train as it crashes through the station is—death. Just that. And to-night's the night. It seems that people in those parts are very superstitious, and when the Ghost Train is heard in the distance, their one object is to crawl hurriedly under the bed, or any other spot that offers in the emergency the pleasing assurance of safety first.

NOBODY, of course, believes in the Ghost Train. Mr. Winthrop ridicules the idea at once; while Mrs. Winthrop, protesting that she is not the least afraid of ghosts, can scarcely light a cigarette for the nervous trembling of her hands. Mr. Murdoch, who has only been married that morning, protests, reasonably enough, that the surroundings are a poor start for a honeymoon; while his young wife is a bundle of nerves, and starts in fear at every unfamiliar sound. Miss Bourne, an elderly maiden lady with a parrot in its cage, sincerely hopes that nothing dreadful will happen because she will be so upset; while Mr. Deakin, the vacuous young man who stopped the train for his hat, votes the ghost idea perfectly

Stage Photo Co.

MORE TROUBLE ON THE RAILWAYS

Saul Hodgkin, the stationmaster (Caleb Porter), disconcerts the passengers by falling dead in the waiting room. The passengers are Peggy Murdoch (Edna Davies) (left), Charles Murdoch (Basil Howes), Richard Winthrop (G. H. Mulcaster) and Elsie Winthrop (Edith Saville)

priceless. So the station-master, shaking his head ominously, leaves them to their fate. He lights his lamp, and goes out to the platform, and the next minute he falls backward through the doorway—dead.

THE second act begins at 11.30, dangerously near the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and cough up ghosts with disagreeable liberality. The company is clearly getting a little jumpy, and Miss Bourne, the elderly spinster, does not add to the general comfort by announcing querulously that she is feeling extremely unwell, and that her parrot, owing to the general nervous tension of the moment, has gone and laid an egg in its cage. Fortunately, one of the gentlemen has a pocket flask of brandy, and, though Miss Bourne protests that she is a staunch teetotaller, she is

prevailed upon to take just a sip; and, finding the unaccustomed draught very much to her taste, she finally sips the flask empty. Shortly after that she becomes, as it were, chiefly present with the company in spirit, and all that can be done with her is to lay her gently in a corner, and tuck her up, so that she may sleep her little trouble away. This scene is handled

MISS BOURNE (GLADYS FFOLLIOTT) REVIVES UNDER THE CARE OF RICHARD (G.H. MULCASTER) AND CHARLES (BASIL HOWES) BRANDY PROVIDED BY TEDDY (F.T. COOPER)

with delicate restraint by Miss Gladys ffolliott, and the hurricane of laughter that it produces is gratifying evidence that we are still a sound and wholesome people.

A QUARTER to twelve! The eerie silence is suddenly broken by a woman's voice outside the door of the waiting-room, appealing hysterically for prompt admittance. The door is opened, and a total stranger of the name of Julia Price dashes in, without hat or cloak, and cries aloud to the company to save her from her friends. These prove to be her brother and a doctor in attendance, who explain that the young lady suffers from delusions; and they then try to persuade her to return home. But Julia, like the young men of old, sees visions. She feels it in her bones that the Ghost Train is on its way down the line, and though the horrid thing chills the soul within her, a power stronger than herself compels her to be there that she may see it pass. By this time the other ladies in the waiting-room have got "nerves" badly, and the merry people in the audience begin to look serious and thoughtful. It is all very well to ridicule the idea of ghosts in company, but how about it when you are going upstairs alone in the dark? The Bogie Man will probably be waiting for you at the top.

THE STATIONMASTER (CALEB PORTER) TELLS THE STORY OF THE GHOST TRAIN

MIDNIGHT! No one can possibly be in the signal-box, yet the bell rings out for the signal, and Julia Price cries aloud that she knew it, she knew it! The Ghost Train is on its way! Spectral hands are lowering the signal to show that the line is clear. Look! A red light is seen moving across the platform, as from a swinging lamp. Hark! You can hear the shriek of the engine's whistle in the distance. The roar and the rattle come nearer, nearer; the Ghost Train is at the station. Snorting and crashing, it plunges through, to disappear into the night, while all the ladies shriek with terror, and Julia Price gives a great cry and faints away. It is a really beautiful little scare, admirably worked up to its climax.

CALEB PORTER AS SAUL HODGKIN

THEN for the anti-climax. Young Mr. Deakin, who with a cool head has stolen out un-

F.T. COOPER AS TEDDY DEAKIN. VINCENT HOLMAN AS JOHN STIRLING

noticed, is heard firing revolver shots at the apparently immaterial phenomenon; and he comes back to the waiting-room to announce gleefully that he has succeeded in switching the Ghost Train to a siding. Just how you switch an express train to a siding by potting at it with a revolver, I regret I am not sufficiently expert to explain. But from that moment onwards, Mr. Deakin is the hero of the occasion. The play at this point develops into a swiftly moving "crook" drama, crowded with exciting incidents that keep up the interest of the play till the final curtain which falls on a satisfied comment by Miss Bourne, who, waking genially from her Bacchic slumber, is so glad to think that nothing unusual has happened after all. Miss Mary Clare gives a most distinguished performance as the hysterical Julia Price; while the rest of the acting is as good as the occasion requires. *The Ghost Train* is not high-brow drama, but is a very pretty thrill deserving success. JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

MAKING THEIR FLESH CREEP

Julia Price (Mary Clare) faints at the sight of the Ghost Train passing through the station. Bending over her is John Stirling (Vincent Holman)

THE LIFE OF A LAD

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS

THE SPOTTED DOG DAY

"Justine followed close behind"

IF young Parberry hadn't started talking jealous about foxhunting to Justine across the dinner table. If Dodgit, the huntsman, hadn't sacked Sam the groom for being drunk (and personal about the way he, Dodgit, hunted hounds). If Fizz Herbert hadn't loved Justine and regarded young Parberry with aversion, that memorable run, afterwards chronicled in the archives of the Tarmac Hunt as The Spotted Dog Day, would never have happened.

As it was, an idea came to Fizz as he savagely tugged at his evening tie, his heart embittered by young Parberry's boastings. "I'd like to see what that fellow would do if hounds really did run," thought Fizz; "don't believe he'd ride a yard."

And in the morning Fizz repaired to The Spotted Dog, where Sam, late groom at the kennels, was now employed. And when Fizz appeared at the meet later that morning, there was a glint in his eye from which those who knew him might well have taken warning.

Young Parberry was there, dressed faultlessly as usual in swallow tails and leathers, entertaining Justine with accounts of what they did with the Quorn.

"Mornin', Dodgit," Parberry called to the huntsman as hounds came up. "Think we'll get a hunt to-day?"

"I 'opes so, Sir," Dodgit raised his cap. "What I'd like 'ud be a real good forty minutes; do the 'ounds good. Git away there, Ravager!" Dodgit cracked his whip at a great fat, sleepy-looking hound scavenging in the lodge-keeper's pig bucket.

'And do you good, too," thought Fizz, looking at the little plump, florid-complexioned huntsman. "A gallop would do the whole blooming lot of you good!" He looked at some of the remainder of the field, Judge Harlow, Colonel Barrett, and Sir John Yawle, all men of a certain age and position who, whatever they might have done in their young days, now hunted solely for their livers.

Then Fizz grinned again his peculiarly mischievous grin as he heard young Parberry, who was riding a weedy-looking chestnut, say: "Really got him for Melton; bold as a lion, jump anything."

At a quarter past eleven, Dodgit, having drunk a couple of glasses of cherry brandy, sounded a blast on his horn, waking with a start a couple of hounds who had gone to sleep in a patch of sun, and the hunt moved off to covert.

"*En leu in! my beauties; en leu in!*"

Dodgit stood up in his stirrups and alternately coaxed and cursed his pack into the wood.

The field waited calmly. If there was a fox he was certain to go out the bottom end of the spinney, and the gateway into the road was just at the end of the field.

Fizz, a little apart from the others, listened intently. He heard a whimper; then a hound spoke; then another; in a few seconds the wood echoed to the music of the pack in full cry.

"Gad! there's a scent to-day," said the Colonel, catching the big black short by the head and preparing to rib-roast him to the gate.

"Which way are they going? Back-handed, aren't they?" The Judge looked puzzled.

Fizz, meanwhile, had moved away by himself, and taken up a position at the corner of the wood where he commanded a view of the top end of the covert over a stout fence. Suddenly he put his hand to his mouth.

"*Tally Ho! Over! Tally Ho! Over!*" he holloa'd.

There was electricity in the air. Even the sedatest member of the hunt could feel something unusual astir. Colonel Barrett and Sir James pounded for the gate. Dodgit, flushed in the face, came crashing out of covert.

"Which way did 'e go, sir?" he called to Fizz.

Fizz pointed to the field across which hounds were racing.

Now between hounds and Dodgit there was a very serviceable thorn fence, not at all the sort of fence Dodgit was accustomed to take first thing in the morning, a fence devoid of cattle gaps, uncompromisingly thick from one end to the other. The huntsman looked at the fence disgustedly. However the eyes of the hunt were on him, his hounds were in full cry the other side, there was nothing for it. Cursing all contrary foxes he galloped at the fence.

(Continued on page 26)

"Follow My Heart, My Dancing Feet"

Abbé

MME. FOKINA

A striking study of the famous Russian ***danseuse***, who has been travelling—and dancing—round the Continent, under the direction of her equally famous husband, Fokine

Fizz flipped over beside him; Justine followed close behind. The rest of the hunt made for the gate into the road. Fizz caught a satisfying glimpse of young Parberry's swallow tails leading the retreat.

Hounds settled to their work with gusto; they ran mute to a grand head fairly eating up the distance.

"Bless my soul, I never seed one go this way before," panted Dodgit, one eye fixed uneasily on a post and rails ahead, the other watching his hounds. "Don't know so much as my 'oss likes timber," he grunted, sawing at his horse's mouth.

Just then young Parberry came up. He looked hot and a trifle out of countenance.

"Hullo! Where have you been to? Didn't see you in that last little burst!" Justine called to him.

"Is this anything like Leicestershire?" Fizz asked.

Young Parberry said nothing; he knew they had both seen him come round by the road.

During the next quarter of an hour only fifteen years' intimate knowledge of the country enabled Dodgit to live with hounds. More than once, when the rest of the field were well behind, he would have whipped them off had not Fizz been close at his elbow. Sweat poured down his face, and Fizz could hear him swearing profusely under his breath at hounds, foxes, followers, and everything to do with hunting.

A brook lay ahead, silvery but uninviting, and young Parberry once more disappeared, muttering something about his horse not liking water. Hounds raced on for a quarter of an hour, then came a check, allowing some of the field to come up. Among others, young Parberry.

"Hullo, get left again?" Justine called to young Parberry, who, hat awry and beautiful leathers splashed with mud, came up with the ruck.

"Bad luck; you ought to have come over that brook with us!" Fizz called.

Young Parberry said nothing, but his face expressed volumes.

Hounds did not check long. After a few minutes they hit the line again. Dodgit this time made a determined effort to head them back on to the road, but they were now too mad for blood, and, egged on by Fizz, raced over a ten acre field.

"Pouf! Pouf!" panted Colonel Barrett, ploughing along beside the Judge. "Told you they'd run to-day."

The Judge had lost a stirrup and was rocking in his saddle. He felt if he jumped another fence he would die.

Then Fizz, glancing at his watch, began to have misgivings. He had not expected hounds to run as far as this. Justine was in the seventh heaven of delight. Piloted by Fizz, she had not missed a moment of the hunt.

"Our Leicestershire friend seems to have gone astray again," she said, as they landed over a stake and bound.

Fizz grinned, and said nothing.

"Where the devil are those hounds going to?" he exclaimed, as the pack suddenly scrambled over a fence back on to the roadway.

Right in front, golden letters on a green background announced:

THE SPOTTED DOG.

The landlord stood in the doorway in his shirt sleeves.

"Seen the fox?" Fizz called.

"Noa. I ain't seen no fox," answered the man, regarding the hounds feathering all round the gravel sweep in front of his inn.

Only Fizz and Justine were still with them. Away back over six miles of country stretched the followers of the Tarmac Hunt. Some lay in ditches, other under hedges, others against stiles. Dodgit was on the top of a bank and his horse below, a long stretch of bridle dividing them. Dodgit was using words which cannot here be printed.

Down a deep lane a solitary horseman, in a pink swallow-tail coat, slunk. His collar was turned up; his back hunched. All Jack Parberry wanted was to find a sign-post pointing to the station.

Suddenly from the tap-room of the inn a blood-curdling cry rent the air.

"'Elp! 'Elp! Call 'em off!"

Fizz jumped to the ground, rushed into the inn, and laid about him with his whip. From beneath a seething mass of growling hounds emerged the terror-stricken, mud-stained face of Sam.

Fizz shook him.

"What the blazes do you mean by it? I told you only to go four miles."

Sam hiccoughed. His breath smelt strongly of gin; from his pocket protruded a bit of string.

Fizz jerked the string out. At the end of it a dish-clout, reeking of aniseed, was attached. Ravager jumped at the clout, and Fizz only just snatched it from his jaws in time.

He handed the rag to Sam.

"Take that and bury it in the garden, quick—d'ye hear, man?"

Sam stumbled off to obey.

Fizz collected the hounds, and with Justine bringing up the rear they set off for home.

On the way they met Sir John, Colonel Barrett, and others, coming feverishly along the road.

"Did you get him?" hailed Sir John excitedly.

"No; he's gone to ground," Fizz answered.

And so, by the way, had young Parberry. At least, when they got home, they found he had taken the train back to town.

All the same, if Fizz and Justine aren't about, he can give as good an account as anybody of the Spotted Dog Day, which is regarded as one of the greatest triumphs in the annals of the Tarmac Hunt. And as Sam got a sovereign for laying the drag, he has no complaints to make either.

Royal Photographic Co.

A ROYAL COMMISSION

A photograph taken in Delhi during the sitting of the Royal Commission on Indian Currency and Finance. The back row includes: Mr. G. E. Franey, Sir Alexander Murray, Mr. G. H. Baxter, Prof. J. C. Coyajee, Mr. W. E. Preston, Mr. A. V. V. Aiyar, Mr. A. T. Goldup and Mr. Maximbra Das. Seated are: Sir Reginald Mant (left), Sir Purshotamdas Thackerdas, Sir Henry Strakosch, the Rt. Hon. E. Hilton Young, M.P. (Chairman), Sir Rajendranath Mukerjee, Sir Norcot Warren and Sir Maneckji Dadabhoy

Golfing Terms

BY TONY CASTLE

"A HOLE IN ONE"

"THE OPENING

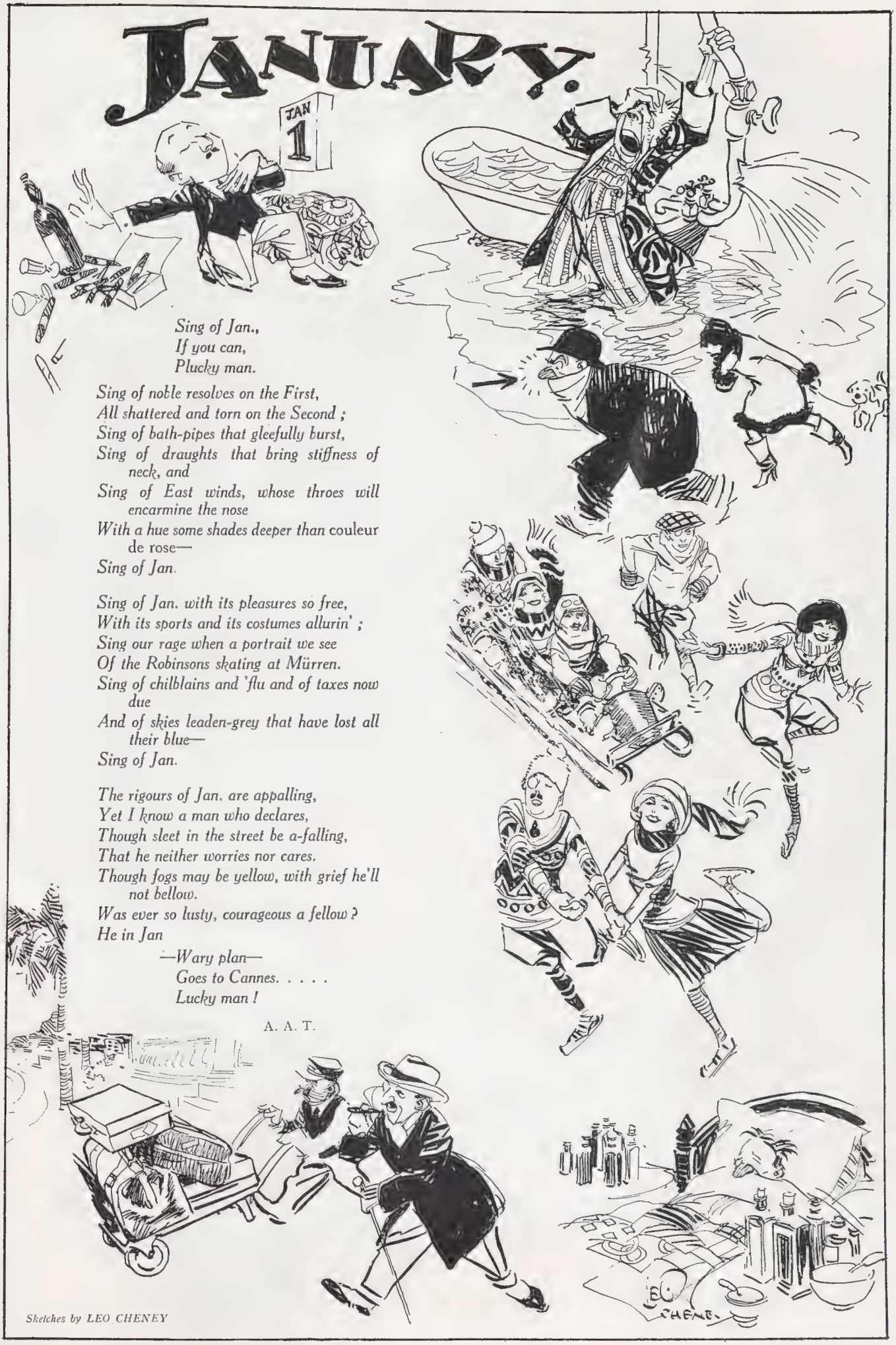
BY BLAM

IG BAR"

A NEW YEAR GREETING FROM THE OLD BYSTANDER TO THE NEW

BY NICK

JANUARY.



Sing of Jan.,
If you can,
Plucky man.

Sing of noble resolves on the First,
All shattered and torn on the Second ;
Sing of bath-pipes that gleefully burst,
Sing of draughts that bring stiffness of neck, and
Sing of East winds, whose throes will encarmine the nose
With a hue some shades deeper than couleur de rose—
Sing of Jan.

Sing of Jan. with its pleasures so free,
With its sports and its costumes allurin' ;
Sing our rage when a portrait we see
Of the Robinsons skating at Mürren.
Sing of chilblains and 'flu and of taxes now due
And of skies leaden-grey that have lost all their blue—
Sing of Jan.

The rigours of Jan. are appalling,
Yet I know a man who declares,
Though sleet in the street be a-falling,
That he neither worries nor cares.
Though fogs may be yellow, with grief he'll not bellow.
Was ever so lusty, courageous a fellow ?
He in Jan
—Wary plan—
Goes to Cannes. . . . .
Lucky man !

A. A. T.

Sketches by LEO CHENEY

Are You Haunted Too?

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Illustrated by W HEATH ROBINSON

In a recent play called *The Emperor Jones*, an unfortunate negro complained of suffering from "ha'nts." This was his way of pronouncing the word "haunts," though my ribald mind suspected that he was referring to h'aunts. You know, the sort that Charley had.

Well, I have made the discovery that I also am suffering from "ha'nts," or, rather, haunts. It may well be that you are worried by them also without knowing it. Let me recount my experiences, and we shall see if you can provide their parallel.

We go into the bathroom with a morning smile. We do not live in foggy London, and so have an early cheerfulness. We are even prepared to find that the water is not as warm as we would have liked it. Suddenly we discover that we have been got at by one of our haunts. Either the shaving-cream or the tooth-paste has been seized in the night and devoured.

Sometimes both are gone, and no trace is to be found of the empty containers. For the haunt has strange appetites. Frequently he is satisfied when he has sucked out all the tooth-paste, and occasionally when he has swallowed all the shaving-cream. But there are dreadful nights when he eats both, tubes and all. I admit that I have accused him unjustly at times, and the tubes, after a prolonged search, have been found concealed under a sponge or what-not, but there are undoubtedly frightful mornings when the disappearance of what was there the day before can only be explained by a visitation from a "haunt."

Now, what is the toothpaste-cum-shaving-cream haunt like? I have never seen him, but I call him the SWINK, and have composed the following natural history note concerning his appearance and habits:—

THE SWINK (*Uromastix tooth-pastinurus*).—Resembles an india-rubber hot-water bottle in shape, and has a mouth like the funnel of that article. Has the power of changing colour, and can look like linoleum or wall-paper at a moment's notice. Has no teeth, which it lost trying to say "Tchehov," and no hair, which it lost playing snap-dragon, and therefore steals tooth-paste and shaving cream from motives of blind jealousy.

If you have never been visited by the SWINK, I think you will recognise the ravages of what I call the PASTIGURE. Suppose you place certain books and papers overnight in a position in which you wish to find them in the morning. Is it not frequently your experience that these books and papers are found to have been whisked away? Sometimes they are lost for ever, and, if found, are only restored to you when your temper is lost and the documents are no longer of any value.

THE PASTIGURE (*Iguana manuscripta*). — Resembles a short, stubby, rolled-up umbrella, and is provided with a thick spiny tail. It exudes paste and sticks itself to the legs of tables and desks, so climbing laboriously to the resting-place of its helpless victims. Once on the table it spins round and round, and with its spiny tail hurls books and papers in all directions. These are afterwards devoured at leisure. Is reputed to be visible only to cats.

It is not everybody, of course, who bothers about books and papers, but there can be few men who have not been visited on occasions by the VERTICILLATED LINXOSTUDL. This creature haunts dressing-tables, takes studs and

(*Continued on page 34*)

"The Pastigure (*Iguana manuscripta*)"

A Queen of Tragedy

Bertram Park

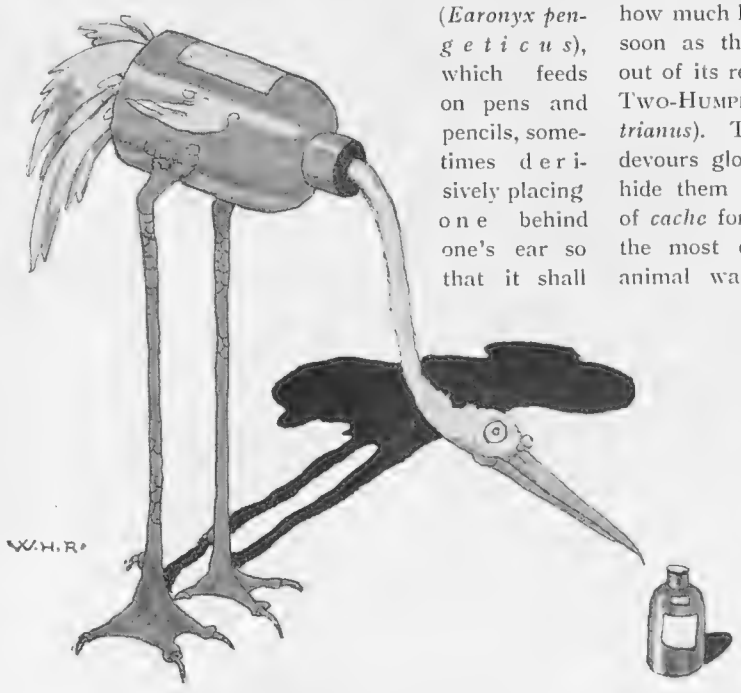
Miss Sybil Thorndike as Queen Katharine with Lewis Casson as Griffith, and Miss Beatrice Smith as Patience, in the production of "King Henry VIII" now running at the Empire

links away, and impishly puts them into the previous night's dress-shirt, which is then concealed in the linen basket. Many men have been driven nearly crazy by this abominable creature, but fortunately the animal is one with which wives are very familiar. Almost unswervingly they bethink of the LINXOSTUDL when the stud-storm breaks out aloft, and nearly always they are right, though I have known cases when the pest has been unfairly accused, and the articles sought have been found in some absurd tray or other.

Before describing the VERTICILLATED LINXOSTUDL, I wish to announce that I have seen it. It was after a bachelor party, given the night before some poor fellow's marriage, and quite fortunately I woke up just as the pestiferous animal was descending the bedroom curtains.

THE VERTICILLATED LINXOSTUDL (*Damno Verticillatus.*) — Makes its home in ceilings and on the tops of wardrobes. Has no eyelids, but blinks constantly, and carries a crest of violent red hair. Visible in the dark, but invisible when the electric light is switched on. When unable to obtain links and studs, leaves the house and climbs into the nests of birds, robbing them of their eggs and young. May some day be added to the Pink Elephant Enclosure at the Zoo.

I do not suppose I need waste any time over the PENGETIC EARONYX (*Earonyx pengeticus*), which feeds on pens and pencils, sometimes derisively placing one behind one's ear so that it shall be out of one's sight. Then there is the SULPHUR-CRESTED STAMPRIGAR, a bird which will eat a whole Opuscle of postage stamps. I have been visited by the GLOBOSE GLASSOW (*Glax globicera*), which takes away your jar of morning salts before you have half finished it, and a lot of good I hope it does it. But there is a final "haunt" which I must deal with quickly lest you think me less afflicted than I protest.



"Globose Glassow (*Glax Globicera*)"

This is winter time, when a man frequently has to wear gloves, no matter how much he may detest them. Now, as soon as the weather gets really cold, out of its retreat comes the BACTRIAN or TWO-HUMPED GLOVEATER (*Glovelus bactrianus*). This vile creature not only devours gloves, but, when satiated, will hide them in another overcoat, a sort of *cache* for another day. But, perhaps the most extraordinary antics of this animal was performed last week. It took a pair of gloves out of my overcoat pocket and hid them in the hall of a house I had been visiting that day, so that it was made to appear as if I had been careless enough to leave them behind. . . .

No one has seen the TWO-HUMPED GLOVEATER, and I confess that my imagination refuses to make a picture of him. I am sure, however, that he is swift, and can go without water for days. Is it not an odd thing that women do not suffer from these haunts? I have made several enquiries, and am told by females that the only "haunts" they know are men. Hardly just, is it?

A "SPIRITED" ENTRANCE *Central News*

The butler makes a welcome appearance with the brandy and soda at tea time. A scene from "Too Much Money," the Israel Zangwill play which is now running at the Little Theatre

A Trying Situation

BY STAN TERRY

CUSTOMER : " May I try on that frock in the window ? "
NEW ASSISTANT : " Not with the blinds up, Madame ! "

New Year Scenes from

G. P. U.

SIR JOHN LATTA

Who has recently arrived at St. Moritz, out for an early walk in the snow

Keystone

ON THE ICE

Sir George Lewis, with his son George, skating at St. Moritz, where the strength of the ice never comes into question

Topical

IN SKI-ING TRIM

Mr. Hilary Bodkin, who is among the visitors to Davos. He is the son of Sir Archibald Bodkin

G.P.U.

MAKING LIGHT OF HEAVY GOING

A cheery party at St. Moritz, breasting the slopes near the Cresta Run. The group includes Mr. P. Mills, Mr. Hamar Bagnall, Mr. R. Cannon and Mr. T. Powell, who are among the great number of visitors from the 'Varsities

the Land of Winter Sport

Photographs

"WINNING SMILES"

The Oxford Ice Hockey Team which beat the home side at Davos by three goals to two. The group includes: Capt. H. Borden (Capt.), Messrs. D. H. Moore, B. Brodie, R. H. Jack, A. Wallace-Johnson, F. N. S. Melland, C. H. R. Bonnycastle and E. R. Thoenen (Manager)

G. P. U.

KEEPING IN TOUCH

Lady Barclay spends a quiet few minutes with the English papers at St. Moritz. She is the wife of Sir Colville Barclay, British Minister at Budapest

Keystone

A PLACE IN THE SUN

Lord Nunburnholme out ski-ing at St. Moritz, where a heavy snowfall arrived in time to make conditions ideal at Christmas

G.P.U.

FULLY EQUIPPED

Sir Walter and Lady Preston, with Miss Lynam seated in front, prepared for what sport the snow has to offer. They are at Celerina

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"A smile on the face of the concierge"

Mes Amis—

I may be told that I am out of touch with the spirit of the Season and the spirit of Locarno, in short, all the spirits of Goodwill; but I persist in saying that I frankly revel in the fact that this is the time of the year when I am able to take a bitter revenge on the helpless (momentarily) for tortures endured for twelve months.

This being the period when those who have embittered my young life for another span come to collect their *étrennes,* I am able to tell them exactly what category of *nom d'un nom, espèce de saucisson,* or *tête de radis* they do rightly belong to, buttressed with the comforting knowledge that they have to hear me to the end. For they will not abandon their *right* to my *cadeau* in hot-headed, impulsive resentment, taking the form of flight, as do the taxi-men, out of not one of whom have I ever been able to secure full money's worth of vituperation, the pungent peroration in particular always being two hundred metres late.

For those who call to collect their seasonal spoil and have to hear me out, I am able to write down beforehand, and memorise, all the variations of opprobrium befitting the particular infliction I have suffered; and though I have, on occasion, mixed up the recital and heaped upon the uncombed head of the postman of the registered letters, the epithets designed for the postman of the printed matter, the system has, in general, been gloriously satisfactory and full value for the financial expenditure.

There is, of course, excuse for confusion over one's momentary victim. You in Britain are fortunate in that you have only one postman, and that, probably, a faithful old friend, to deal with. But we have five postal servants. There is the *facteur des lettres,* the *facteur des lettres recommandées,* the *facteur des imprimes,* the telegraph boy, and the *garçon des pneumatiques.* No matter if I have not received a single *pneumatique* since last New Year's Day, the boy arrives to expound his *right* to *étrennes,* and not merely as a vague principle but stipulating the minimum amount acceptable. When a friend, who had a fortnightly *pneumatique,* offered five francs, the diminutive highwayman turned up his nose and said, "*Donnez ça à vos pauvres.*" Lads like that become *chasseurs* and acquire *châteaux* out of the touchable tourist.

"*Donnez ça à vos pauvres*"

Altogether 'tis a wonderful day, the *Jour de l'An*—the only day of the year when a smile that lives as long as a butterfly settles upon the face of that curmudgeon, the *concierge*—but though it costs a lot of francs, it is worth even more to be able to tell the *facteur des imprimes* his precise place in a world's slow speed test in delivering Wednesday's Bystander just before he knocks off on Saturday night. After the all-round broadside one can tot up the good resolutions, knowing that none of these *facteurs* or *garçons* will come within range or even visibility for another year.

France, in the view of most British travellers, is a land where the craze for "papers" is run to excess. His impression is that you must have a *carte* for this and a *carte* for that, if you wish to stay more than a certain time in a certain area, while if you wish to run a motor car you must have at least four "papers." Frenchmen, it may be pointed out, have even more dislike for this excessive call for "papers" than has the tourist, who is let down lightly; but a new "paper" which is proposed has found instantaneous popularity.

The proposal is that a new *carte* shall be established which will prove that the bearer is not a Moldo-Valaque, nor any kind of Slovak, nor Greek from Salonica, nor even American, nor

(*Continued on page 40*)

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A Little Too Deep

BY J. A. BEALE

"Oo—oo—Mummy—poor Daddy's in the water—right up to his ankles"
"*What* a nuisance—I hope he won't catch cold"
"'Specs he will, Mummy—he's head first!"

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Dark Diamond

I was much interested in the news which Fred Darling gave me just before he sailed for his holiday in America, that Dark Diamond is likely to join the Beckhampton string in the coming season. This will be an important acquisition to the stable, for the colt in question is certainly one of the best of his age in France and may be a formidable competitor for some of the big weight-for-age races this year. Dark Diamond was beaten into third place in the Grand Prix, and on several other occasions suffered defeat last season, but his record on the whole is highly creditable, and all good judges of French form declare that he is sure to make a high-class four-year-old. I think his chief characteristic will be good stamina, and it is possible that Picaroon and Solario will find him a doughty rival at Ascot and Epsom. Obviously the two colts I have mentioned are exceptionally brilliant, but whether they will prove to be genuine stayers over Cup courses remains to be seen.

Topical

THE FIELD MOVES OFF

The Old Berkshire Hunt moving off after a meet in Abingdon Market Place. In the front row is Mr. A. Paget Steavenson, who is Joint Master, with Major J. L. Nickisson, of the Hunt

French Rivalry

The fact that Baron Baeyens is sending Dark Diamond to England is a reminder that our racing is bound to have an increasing attractiveness for French owners. Owing to the woeful fall of the franc, the value of their best races is nothing like it was. In his recent speech at the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, Viscount D'Abernon said that the French racing authorities ought to throw more of their events open to English competition, but I am afraid very few owners in this country would be tempted to send their horses to race in France under the present financial conditions. On the other hand, there is every reason why the French Turfites should concentrate their attention on the prizes of the English Turf, and in view of the successes they have gained here during the last three seasons, we must be prepared for greater rivalry than ever from this direction.

Classic Outlook

A number of French colts are entered for the Derby. So far as we can gather from last season's form, M. Marcel Boussac's Banstar is the best of them. His performances do not make him out to be a smasher, and unless French stables can produce something better than this colt, we need not fear that they will carry off the premier race this year. I hear that Mr. A. K. Macomber has one or two colts who were backward last season, and are quite likely to prove themselves very smart three-year-olds. Among them is one called Masked Ruler, who is an own brother to the Cambridgeshire winner, Masked Marvel. Providing that this colt develops in the right way, it is thought that he will do even better in the Derby than his stable companion, The Sirdar, did last summer. I have already expressed the opinion that it will not need an extraordinarily good colt to win our premier classic event. I should not take this view if I believed that all was well with Coronach, for on his form in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster this colt was a real champion.

Wind Troubles

Unfortunately there is an "if" about Coronach. I gather that at present there is no great cause for anxiety, but the trouble is certainly there, and I am afraid that it is not likely to improve with age. In these circumstances you can imagine the interest which will attach to Lord Woolavington's colt when he is put through his paces on the return of his trainer to Beckhampton. It will be doubly unfortunate for the owner of Coronach if that colt should be found to be wrong in his wind, for another of his brilliant three-year-olds, Legionnaire, is undoubtedly suffering from the same mischief. This week-end there will be racing at Hurst Park and Haydock Park. At the former meeting **Boddam** may carry his big weight to victory in the New Year Hurdle Race on Friday. I expect **The Sheriff** to win the Mitre Steeplechase. At Haydock Park, **Celestial** is my selection for the Warrington Hurdle Race.

W. A. Rouch

THE YOUNG IDEA

Mrs. Harry Brown, wife of the well-known amateur rider and trainer, with her daughter, Cynthia, mounted on "Darkie." Miss Brown is a keen follower of the Atherstone

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

In the Shires

The Prince of Wales's hunters, which were sent away from Melton Mowbray to Buckinghamshire in the early days of the winter, have now returned to their quarters at the Craven Lodge Club, together with the horses which His Royal Highness rode with the West Norfolk Hounds at Christmas time. This is an excellent sign. It means that the long spell of idleness which has been necessary in the Midland district owing to foot-and-mouth disease regulations has now come to an end. And time enough, too, will say all those who have had their horses practically eating their heads off since November. It is no use repining over the weeks which have been lost. It merely remains to hope that the remainder of the season will be uninterrupted by new outbreaks of the cattle scourge. That we are absolutely out of the wood cannot be said with confidence, as every week a new case of foot-and-mouth seems to be reported in one part of the country or another.

All Clear

But in the Shires it is all clear for the time being. Hounds are by no means in the best condition after their long period without active hunting, and horses are similarly on the big side in those countries which have been under the ban. All this, however, will quickly be altered if we get a few

Poole, Waterford

WITH THE "H.H."

A snapshot taken at a recent meet of the Hampshire Hounds of Major-General Sir George Jeffreys and his wife, Viscountess Cantelupe

eeks of regular sport. It is reasonable, therefore, to look forward to me sparkling fun during the next o months, and it is to be hoped at the Quorn and the neighbouring acks will enjoy some red-letter days make up for the constant disppointment which prefaced the ming of the New Year.

Sad Affair

A GLOOM was thrown over North Yorkshire hunting people last ek by the death of Mr. Frank rrill, of Masham, who was wned in the River Swale, between rthallerton and Bedale, while nting with the Bedale Hounds. It pears that the river was in strong od when hounds swam across in rsuit of their fox. Most of the llowers, including the Master, ajor W. W. Burdon, prudently le for the ferry lower down the er. Mr. Burrill, however, sent his rse into the water, and they were h quickly in difficulties. Mr. rrill must have been sadly hamred by his hunting boots, and all orts from the bank to save him re unavailing. It was a catasphe which, happily, very seldom urs in the hunting field. In some its features it recalls the terrible nster which overtook the York Ainsty Hunt in February, 1869, en the Master, Sir Charles Slingsby, and many of his followers were drowned as the result of the capsizing of the ferry at Newby.

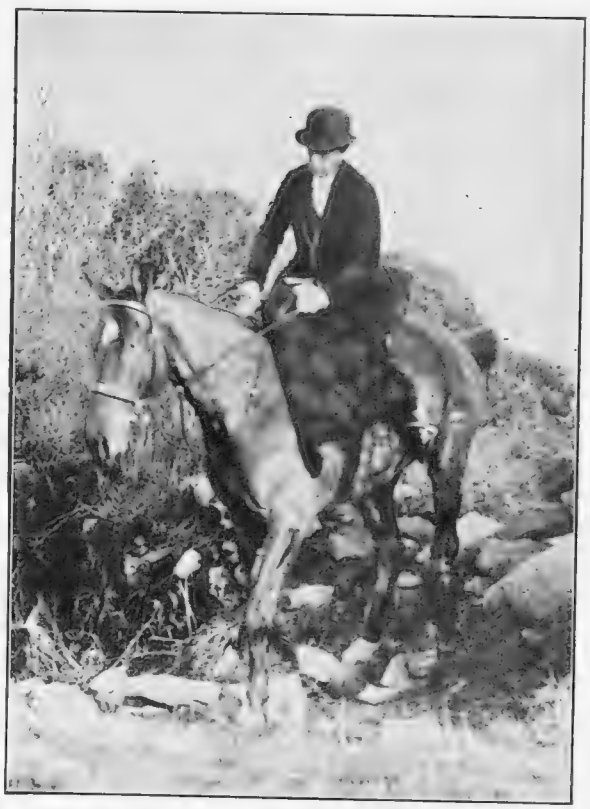
Sport and General

AT THE MEET

Mr. H. Graham King, Master of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles, with Mrs. Graham King at the Boxing Day Meet of the pack at Tattenham Corner

The Ladies Beresford

AMONG the various interesting changes of Mastership now impending is that which occurs in the Waterford country. The Ladies Blanche and Katherine Beresford, who took over the command of the hounds three seasons ago, have announced their intention of relinquishing their duties in the spring. Their term of office has served to revive recollections of old Curraghmore days, when the hounds were hunted by successive Lords Waterford. The fifth Marquis was probably the greatest horseman of them all, and it was a blow to Irish sport when he was killed in the hunting field. He was jumping quite a small place in the road when his hunter made a mistake, the rider being pitched on to his head with fatal results. The Ladies Beresford have been showing sport three days a week, and have more than maintained the excellent reputation of the pack. To the list of English countries which will become vacant at the end of the season must now be added the Essex. Col. S. F. Gosling and Mr. John Swire have handed in their resignations. Each has been associated with the leadership of the pack for a long period, and it will not be easy adequately to fill the gap caused by their retirement. I hear, by the way, that a new history of the Essex Hunt is being written by General Bruce, who has an engaging pen; and is likely to turn out a most interesting production.



Poole, Waterford

AN IRISH HUNT

Lady Helen McCalmont, wife of Major Dermot McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny Hunt, negotiating a stone wall

THE RUGGER WORLD

FEATURING FETTES AND LORETTO

By "PENDARVES"

We *ignorami* down in the silly south—that is to say, in England, which is always made to appear a foreign country when you are in Scotland—have a tendency to imagine that all the best Scotch rugger comes originally from either Fettes or Loretto. What the other four public schools which figure in the championship would say to this, and the seven schools which don't, I hardly like to reflect upon—still less to be present at the saying. It is not so, of course; but these two famous Scotch schools appear in the limelight of our rugger world because they have the initiative to send out a composite team on tour round about each Christmas, to our great entertainment.

And a jolly good side it usually is. It might be a good deal better if it was able to muster some more of its Blues and Internationals (it has nine of the latter on its playing list). One or two of these grandees were rather badly wanted, but were presumably still having "the other half of this" *chez eux* (sorry—influence of the Racing Club de France team over here!), and so could not turn out. Nevertheless, it was good enough to keep this year's very strong Richmond side busy; and to go down (16-4) fighting gamely in the fading light with a tail well up and thoroughly aggressive.

Rugger followers who have been "getting through Christmas somehow or other, ol' man, amusin' the children don't you know," and wanted some fresh air and real Christmas football of the old style, got it from the feet and hands of the Fettesian-Lorettonians with a vengeance, and went away well satisfied, and thirstier than ever.

A real Christmas game in the best sense of the term. Richmond, bristling with the very-likely-to-get-a-cap-this-year men; heavy, fast, experienced, playing confidently together on their own ground. The Scotsmen, hardly more than schoolboys (begging their pardons); a scratch team, collected, one suspects, somewhat hurriedly after eleventh hour disappointments; light, not knowing each other's game: playing on a faster ground than is habitual to them. The betting round me went out to fives against them after the first few minutes of the game.

But I had come to the ground with some of them; had noted the "Hawk's" mufflers, the "C.U.R.U.F.C." luggage labels on one or two of the hand-bags, saw one or two faces I had seen before (in action) in club sides in Scotland, and so took a man in half-crowns promptly as a matter of principle and affection for the Glasgow men in the team.

I was quite happy to lose, for they put up a fine game—and one of surprises, which makes every rugger game the finer to watch. Richmond, with its quite brilliant half-back and threequarter lines, began swarming all over the Scots, "giving the ball plenty of air," as someone said, and generally making rings round the visitors. If they had not been playing Andy Dykes at full back the score against them in that first twenty minutes would have been formidable. As it was, two tries were notched up to Richmond very quickly; the game settled down to one of rather drab monotony, the only relieving feature being the tenacity of the Scotch tackling, and one looked for what people describe as "an overwhelming defeat." Those of us who were composing the right kind of message to send back, *via* one or other of the players, to our pet girl in Scotland—for who has not got a girl in Scotland?—(not perfectly certain I haven't got two) became rather depressed at the weight of the score that seemed likely to be registered against them.

When, all of a sudden, early in the second half, came a dramatic rally. Somebody in the red stockings, I couldn't see who, dropped a delicious goal from the midst of a *mêlée*. A real Scotch drop, and no soda with it. Up went a 4 on the board. Up went every tail on the Fettesian-Lorettonian side. The pace of the game was speeded up forthwith. Up rose several Scotch spectators with the Christmas cigar well chewed in the mouth—and up rose the shouting. Things like this:—

"Buck into it now, boys, harder, begob, h-a-rder." This from a florid gentleman with tears in his megaphone voice, and a black bottle in his pocket. . . . "Come on, *Scotland!*—aye—that's the stoof: mind, I'm tellin' ye—aye . . . ." This gallant thought England was playing Scotland; and as he had come down from Auchtermuchty on purpose "to see a wee lassie, y'ken," and was celebrating his meeting with her, we did not disabuse his fluid mind.

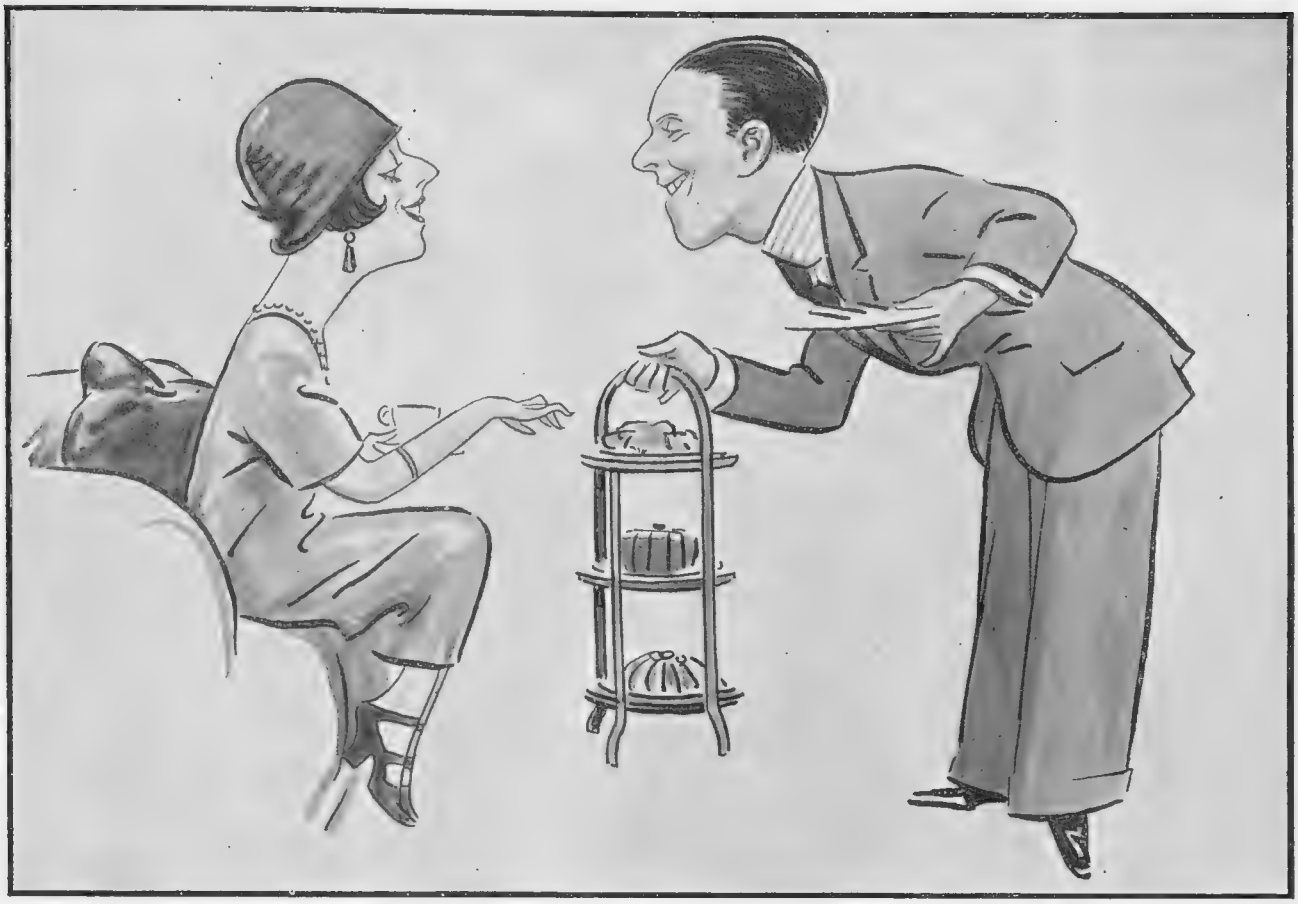
From here to the end, in the half-dark of a typical Christmas rugger afternoon, these only-just-ex-schoolboys (if they will allow me the phrase) put up as grand a fight against superior weight and superior skill as ever I, and a few thousand others, want to see. Unavailing, as the no-side whistle presently proved—but that matters not a jot. Nobody cared about the score; least of all the players themselves, probably. If Fettes and Loretto can turn out "old boys" of the stamp we saw that day, they must be schools of fine tradition. But, of course, they are: none finer in all Scotland—or elsewhere, for that matter.

G. P. U.

SWING IT OUT!

An exciting moment during the recent match at Old Deer Park between a Rosslyn Park XV and a Public Schools XV. After a hard-fought game Rosslyn Park won the match by 15 points to 3

"Men Were Deceivers Ever!"



It is difficult to realise that the charming young man you meet on Friday afternoon—

BY ALFRED LEETE

—can change into THIS on Saturday afternoon

A Study in Contrasts on the Screen

Two "still" life studies from "The Road to Yesterday," the Cecil B. de Mille super production, which will be seen at the Tivoli in the near future. The top picture is of Jetta Goudal as the bold, bad villainess, complete with stiletto, having a hearty "strafe" all on her own. The lower picture shows Vera Reynolds and William Boyd as the lovers doing a good love.

Say It With a Circus—

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"A battle of intellectualism"

LONDON, *January* 4.

DEAR COUSIN—

I THINK when I go to a circus I am more than ever anywhere else struck and overcome with my own sad inferiority. I mean, look at the marvellous things they do, that not one single one of us could ever aspire to emulate or even begin to catch up with. There's always a hope, for instance, that one day one might write a book—or possibly produce a painting people'd stop a whole minute in front of at the R.A.—or put £100 on a Derby winner at 100 to one—or even invent (most difficult of all) a new dance that would get taken on and snatch a vogue at such world-renowned resorts as Ciro's and the Embassy and the Savoy, not to mention this or that particular Palais de Danse.

THESE things might just conceivably be done even by mere mortals with the help of industry and inspiration. But these circus stunts—they've got me fair beat every time. Just the mere minor characters come and perform marvels at odd moments—clowns rushing in and throwing back somersaults (accompanied by dogs which do likewise). And then, at places like Olympia, for instance, in this present though yet young year of 1926, you'll find young, comely and apparently quite ordinary persons of both sorts defying all the ordinary laws of nature and doing absolute miracles in the way of standing on their heads on other people's heads (if you know what I mean), and swinging from trapeze to trapeze through terrifying space, and making horses sit in armchairs and wave their hoofs about (the darlings), and hobnobbing quite genially with any amount of hungry lions. . . .

THEY jump, too, some of them, straight from the floor of the ring and alight, standing, on the back of a horse that's cantering round and round (and don't fall off, either). They seem, in sooth, to make their limbs do anything for 'em they want, not to mention the various large and sometimes intractable animals that obey, slavishly and yet matily, their behests. Isn't it too marvellous? And how much bigger really, some ways, than writing even the biggest book or play, or being a really noted actor or *actrice*.

"The body to be despised"

BECAUSE those others are *au fond* and, however much mental and moral blood-and-sweat they may entail, in the end and by comparison rather armchair successes, in a manner of speaking. You've got to get up early of course and deny yourself a lot of little oddments to be a really big author of books or plays (though some of the biggest don't seem exactly to slay themselves in the self-denial way, do they?), and there's masses of studying to be done as well as rehearsing so's to arrive anywhere on the stage. But in the circus business, as in war, seems to me you've got to get down to real physical brass tacks, so to speak.

ODD, isn't it, how we, or most of us, are always trying to exalt the mental over the physical—in our talk, anyway? Per'aps it's partly a relic of that funny old Puritanism which started the idea that the body was a thing to be despised, and the soul or whatever you like to call it the only thing that mattered. Really, quite often only another word for laziness, *I* think, and anyway everybody's got bodies and only quite a few possessed of souls, but that's by the way. Real point being, methinks, that you can always shirk about the soul business. You can pretend, I mean, with quite considerable success, if tactfully arranged, to have quite a lot of soul or brain, and even become a best-seller or social success or stage *furore* on the strength thereof.

BUT on the much-despised physical side there's no shrinking or shirking to be done. Either you're It or you aren't. And, do you know, dear cousin, these clear-eyed, clean-limbed, astonishingly healthy and energetic (and also daring and skilful) young men and women of the Circus rather reminded me somehow of those dear and deeply loved men, or children, that we so tragically, gloriously, wickedly lost in the Great War. There wasn't a scrap of so-called brain either (in the highbrow sense) in what they did in that bloodstained, mud-stained "circus." It was purely physical. And yet—come to think of it—performers at neither kind of show could have won through if the brain hadn't been running the body all the time, what? (P.S.—I'm *not* referring to the red-hats.)

STILL what I mean to say above all, and without any error is this, namely

"The rising generation isn't easily shocked"

and *e.g.*, and *i.e.*, that this intellectual business is just possibly perhaps in a little danger of being overdone. Though I simply *adore* intellect, and on my bookshelves just close to my bye-bye (where I can pick out any specimen at any moment so's to read myself to sleep) are the works, or some of them, of Mr. John Galsworthy (depressing sometimes, but he has his moments of humour as well as genius). Also everything that Mr. Aldous Huxley has ever written, G.K.C., of course, also Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and—well, all the other best, and some of the worst, people. Quite the reverse to highbrow is that cheery sixteen page "Nippy's" Birthday Number which has been issued by kind Messrs. Lyons, price twopence net, and contains lots of jolly pictures, articles, and so forth dealing with that too fascinating young person "Nippy."

ALL of which reminds me that I have been dwelling lately in a perfect bath of, I'm almost rather ashamed to say, quite pure and unashamed unintellectualism. Having taken, in fact, a fairly complete course of the pantos of the moment, not to mention Christmas plays, which also appertain to the period. One at least whereof, *Cinderella* by name, as presented at the Palladium, was a perfect rapture and delight.

OH, those lovely and entrancing scenes when Clarice Mayne rode in on a white horse, accompanied by hounds, and Cinderella was driven off in a coach with six of the sweetest Shetland ponies, and when Cinderella's wedding was celebrated with almost (except on the Palladium stage) unimaginable pomp. Oh, the fruity humour of Mr. Charles Austin as Buttons the page. The Christmas spirit was still prevailing when I saw this devastatingly delightful show, and I think we'll leave it at that. Shall us? Let's!

"Clowns"

ANOTHER panto, too (since we *are* on the subject), proceeding at the Lyceum, whereto *also* I wended my way as in duty bound. Because, after all, our pantos are more than a mere empty pleasure these holiday days—seeing, especially, I mean, the large number of young and more or less irresponsible relatives that positively insist on being amused by some sort of theatrical entertainment, and panto or words to that effect seems the rather obvious course. Quite more or less correct, too, in the case of the above-mentioned *Dick Whittington*, unless perchance any of them might have been at all disturbed by the spectacle of an all-but naked lady and gentleman dancing for quite a considerable time on the stage.

I DON'T think so, though. The rising generation isn't easily shocked, though as the play of the same name at Wyndham's shows (yet another Christmas revival) there *are* moments when the dull routine of moth-eaten and moss-grown elders helps towards running a household. Another bright arrival—not revival—is the new revue *Tricks* at the Apollo.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

NERVES AND THE DOG

THINK ABOUT IT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

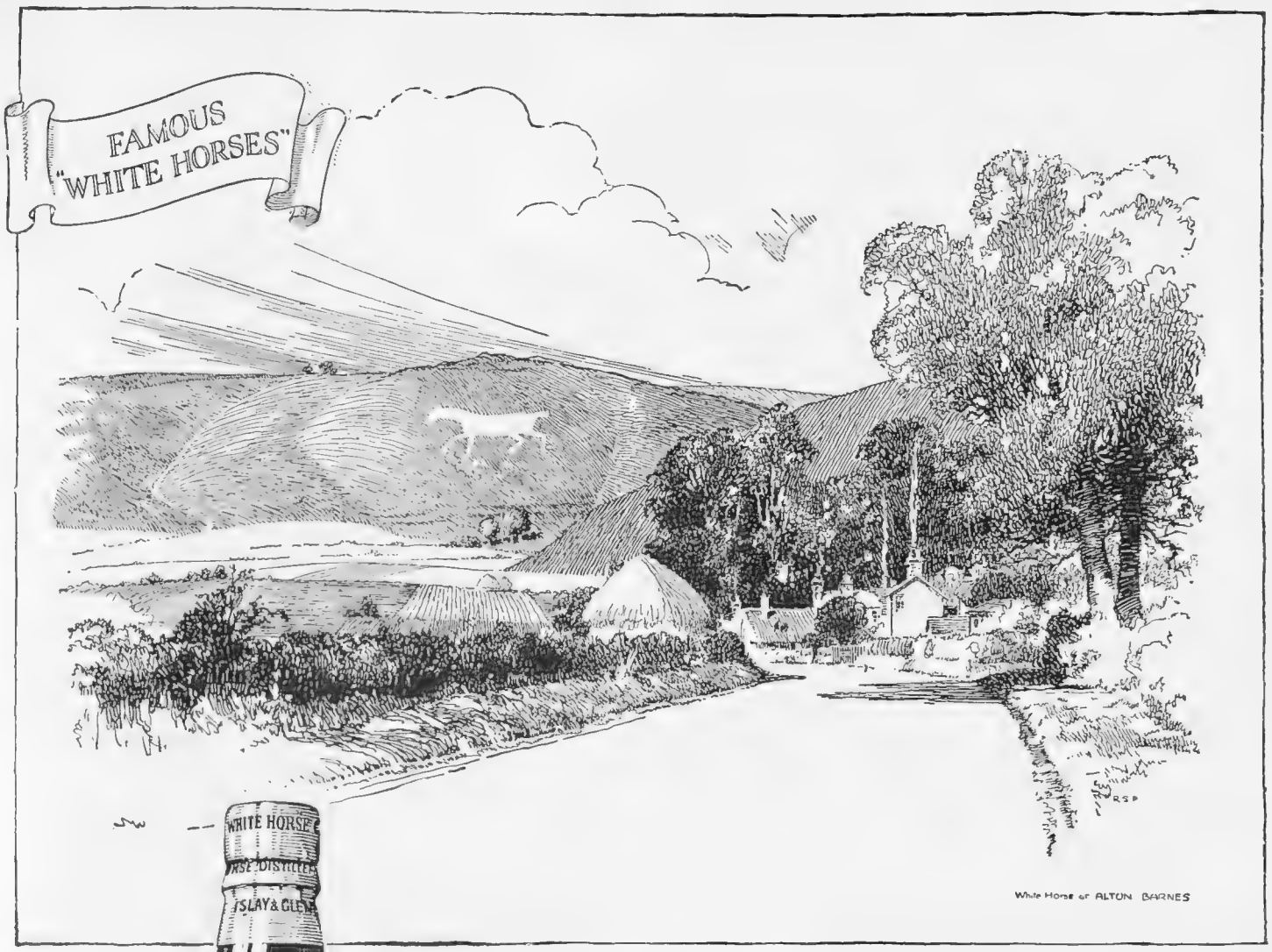
NEXT Saturday will bring a London Dog Show of special interest: that of the Metropolitan Police Canine Friends' Association, at Manor Hall, Kenmure Road, Hackney. The exhibitors will all be members or ex-members of the Metropolitan Police; but visitors should represent all sections of the public. The friendliness of the police is a real asset to British dogdom.

Nervousness and nerve diseases in modern Dogs have given rise to much recent discussion. A large proportion of the letters on the subject received from readers of these Notes are concerned rather with the causes than the treatment of these troubles. This is logical enough, for in no other troubles is the understanding and attacking of causes (rather than symptoms) more important. That is why, for successful treatment, expert diagnosis and advice are essential. But they are not always easy to obtain, for the reason that, more than most forms of illness, nerve troubles demand close and continued study; familiar knowledge of the individual patient.

It is the fashion to attribute all nervous troubles in Dogs to the rightly reprehended practice of too close in-breeding; but the facts are against this generalisation; for nerve troubles have greatly increased of late years, while close in-breeding has become less common, as everyone knows who is familiar with gun-Dog breeding records, for example. (The improvement covers almost all breeds, and is due (*a*) to the spread of knowledge; and (*b*) to the increased number of available sires brought about by the growth of Dog-fancying, exhibiting, etc.). Nerve trouble in Dogs can be caused by over-severe and otherwise injudicious treatment in puppyhood; but it is safe to assert that the last few years have not brought aggravation of this cause; quite the contrary. Dogs are better housed, fed, and generally cared for today than ever before, in this country; unwisely close in-breeding is more generally deprecated and less often practised; and, to my mind, the present prevalence of nerve troubles is due to subtler and less physically simple causes than most commentators suppose.

Briefly, observation convinces me that these causes are, approximately, those which have made for increase of nerve troubles among humans. The Dog is in closer communion with us than any other animal; a more sensitive reflector of our own psychology. Increased familiarity with him has of late vastly accelerated the humanising process which for many centuries has influenced him. With us, life's speed limit has been enormously advanced in the last couple of decades. To suppose this fundamental change for us has left our canine friends unaffected is, in my opinion, to disclose ignorance of canine psychology. In the humanising process the Dog loses something and incurs certain dangers. He also gains something, and acquires certain privileges, pleasures and advances. On balance, even allowing for the cases of exceptional human stupidity and selfish sentimentality, it is my submission that the Dog gains greatly.

But, if only as a matter of *noblesse oblige*, because we are responsible, and because of his complete loyalty, it is up to us to protect our friend the Dog, so far as may be, from nervous troubles, as from such simple causes of it as indigestion, lack of free exercise, etc. Thus, an "only" is more susceptible than a Dog blessed with constant doggy companionship. Over-feeding, rich food, insufficient fresh air and exercise, pampering, over-severity and harshness, bad-tempered punishment, inadequate nutrition: all injure a Dog's nervous system. So do long hours spent in crowded shops and streets, or on cushions beside a fender. Humanise him along sane and rational lines as much as you will—never as an odalisque.



CONSPICUOUS among the Wessex White Horses is the one cut out of the Wiltshire Downs at Alton Barnes.

It was made in 1812—a challenger to the neighbouring White Horses of Marlborough and Colne. You can see it from Old Sarum, 20 miles away as the crow flies.

The legend of White Horse as an emblem of victory has travelled far and wide. Two centuries ago White Horse first symbolised Whisky; to-day the name stands as a guarantee of Quality and Age, unsurpassed by any Whisky obtainable.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch WHISKY

WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON

The Largest ***Independent*** *Whisky Firm in Scotland.*

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

I DO not think it would be at all a bad plan for Auction Bridge players, club players in particular, to make a few good resolutions for the New Year.

In some card-rooms, especially where high play takes place, there are frequent scenes owing to the bad temper and bad manners of the players. Men sometimes speak to one another in terms of intolerable insult, such as in the days of duelling only blood could wipe out!

Some are overbearing and bullying, bad-tempered, loud-voiced, hectoring and garrulous. Some are querulous, complaining, and whining.

Fault-finding and nagging goes on.

. . . . . .

There is, in fact, among a certain number of club Bridge players a complete absence of the sporting spirit. And this applies not only to those who play at the minor and less-known clubs, but to some of the members of the chief card-playing clubs in London and the provinces, where one might expect better things.

Now the main causes are too high play and too much play. Long hours spent in hot, smoky rooms react upon and render irritable the most hardened, while playing for stakes beyond their means makes men quarrelsome and irritable. Auction Bridge is too good a game to be allowed to degenerate into a gamble.

As a first instalment of New Year resolutions I would suggest:—

"I will not play too high, and I will not play too long."

"I will have consideration for my partner."

It is the worst possible policy, as well as the worst possible taste, to quarrel with your partner. If he is a bad player whom you have had the misfortune to cut, you will only make him worse by annoying him. The chances are that he will be your opponent next rubber, when you may be able to get your own back; so bear his mistakes and blunderings with equanimity.

. . . . . .

If you feel in duty bound to point out his errors, do so when you get him quietly by yourself, and do not expose him or try to make him a laughing-stock of the whole table and onlookers.

So many players make too much of a business of Bridge, and fail to realise that it is only a game which ought to be a pleasurable recreation. Why should they have the right to spoil another player's fun?

Another good resolution for a large number is to play less selfishly. It is very poor sport to sit down to a rubber with a partner who will do all the bidding and who will play every hand. And let us all give up the habit of grousing at our bad cards or bad luck, or chortling over our winnings and our opponents' mistakes.

. . . . . .

Here is a little double dummy problem from New South Wales which I think will be new to BYSTANDER readers:—

	S—5. H—K, J, 10, 8, 3.	D—4, 2. C—None.
	Y	
S—A, 6, 3. H—Q. D—8, 5, 3. C—4.	*A*	*B* S—K, 4, 2. H—A, 6, 5, 2. D—None. C—K.
	Z	
	S—10, 9, 7. H—9, 4.	D—A, 9, 6. C—None.

Clubs are trumps. It is A's lead, and A, B must make six of the eight tricks against any defence.

Solution will be given next week.

MONTE CARLO AS A CENTRE OF ARTS

"Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi." Mr. René BLUM who has managed to stage the most interesting and artistic Comedy Season, has now handed over the directorial sceptre to Serge de Diaghileff and to Raoul Gunsbourg. The former, in his capacity of Managing Director of the Russian Ballet performances, has arranged an elaborate and well-selected programme with no less than four creations and sixteen revivals chosen amongst the usual repertory as those that rank highest in public favour. This bill has been submitted and accepted by H.S.H. the Hereditary Princess of Monaco who is an enthusiast and no mean judge in Terpsichorean Art and who, very graciously, patronises these ever charmingly graceful manifestations which will run as follows:—

CREATIONS IN MONTE CARLO

LES MATELOTS ("The Sailors"). First time. Ballet by Kochno. Music by G. Auric. Choregraphy by L. Massine. Scenery and Costumes by P. Truna.

BARABAU ("Creation"). A one act ballet. Music by V Rieti.

LE CHANT DU ROSSIGNOL ("The Nightingale's Song"). First time. Ballet in two scenes. Music by I. Straswinsky. Choregraphy by P. Balanchine. Scenery, costumes and stage drop by Henri Matisse.

ZEPHYR AND FLORA. First time. Ballet by B. Kochno. Music by W Dukelsky. Choregraphy by L. Massine. Entirely novel scenery.

REVIVALS

L'OISEAU DE FEU ("The Bird of Fire"). Music by Straswinsky.

LES TENTATIONS DE LA BERGÈRE ("The Shepherdess' Temptations").

LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE ("The Toy Shop").

LES BICHES, LES FACHEUX, PETROUCHKA, LE LAC DES CYGNES ("The Swans' Lake"), **CIMAROSIANA, NARCISSE, LES FEMMES DE BONNE HUMEUR, LE TRICORNE, LES CONTES RUSSES, LE CARNAVAL, LE MARIAGE D'AURORE** ("Aurora's Wedding"), **LES SYLPHIDES, LES DANSES DU PRINCE IGOR.** These attractive and artistic ballets will be given between January 17 and May 9. Seats can be booked from the Theatre Secretaryship and from the Theatre Booking Office in the Casino Atrium.

Grand Opera is always one of the main features of Social Life in the Principality. Mr. Raoul Gunsbourg who has been in charge of this all-important item for a great many years, has managed to present us with one of the most artistically selected programmes which, in conjunction with the Russian Ballet Festivities will cover four months of this Winter's Season and which, starting on January 26 and ending on April 4 with four productions each week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and Sunday "matinee," will run as follows:—

CREATIONS

LE CHEVALIER À LA ROSE ("Rosen Cavalier"), by Richard Strauss.
L'HIRONDELLE ("The Swallow"), by Giacomo-Puccini. Poem by Milliet.
JEANNE D'ARC ("Joan of Arc"), by Gounod.
JUDITH. Poem by de Morax. Music by Honneger
NAZARETH. Vittadini.

REPERTORY *Authors' names given in alphabetical order.*

"CARMEN," Bizet. **"PELLEAS and MELISANDE,"** Debussy. **"FAH-YEN-FAH,"** Crocker and Redding. **"LAKME,"** Delibes. **"ANDRE CHENIER,"** Giordano. **"FAUST,"** Gounod. **"MANON, THAIS, WERTHER"** Massenet. **"PAGLIACCI,"** Léoncavallo. **"BORIS GODOUNOFF,"** Moussorgsky. **"THE TALES OF HOFFMANN,"** Offenbach. **"LA TOSCA, MADAME BUTTERFLY, THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST,"** Puccini. **"L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES"** ("The Child and Witchcraft"), Ravel. **"AIDA,"** Verdi. **"La VALKYRIE,"** Wagner.

ARTISTES *Names given in alphabetical order.*

Soprani: Mdlles. Bonavia, Bourdon, Ritter, Ciampi, Dazevedo, Ferrer, Yvonne Gall, Jeaumard, Germaine Lubin, Claudia Muzio, Seyman, Yakovleva, Andrée Vally, Weit.

Mezzo-Soprani and Contralti: Mdlles. Landral, Dubois-Lauger, Richardsonn, Salvadori.

Tenors: Messrs. Dubois, Fabert, Franz, Friant, Lappas, Maison, Yvor Thomas.

Baritone-Basses: Messrs. Ceresole, Lafont, Laskin, Lubin, Tilkin, Servais, Vanni-Marcoux.

First Orchestra Conductors: Messrs. Léon, Jéhin, Vittorio de Sabata.

Second Orchestra Conductor: M. Marc-César Scotto.

Choirs Conductor: M. Amadev de Sabata.

Seats can be booked from the Theatre Secretaryship and also from the Casino Booking Office in the Atrium. Charges are as follows: Ticket for the whole season (40 performances), 30 francs the seat. Weekly Ticket (one performance each week), 35 francs the seat.
For each separate performance: 40 francs the seat.

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Good Omens

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A HAPPY OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW YEAR

ON LAUNDRIES AND BLOTTING-PAPER

By MRS. M. VINCE

One of the things that puzzle me is the addiction of laundries for blotting-paper. I am always receiving long envelopes, now from this laundry, now from that, now from another, with pieces of blotting-paper inside.

Other businesses advertise themselves in the same way. The gas company, for example, periodically send me pieces of blotting-paper with a Rembrandtesque picture of a beautiful girl, or a beautiful married couple, or a beautiful family, sitting happily in the red glow of a gas fire. But laundries seem to distribute blotting-paper more persistently and more variously than anyone else. Sometimes the picture is a washing subject, "the maid in the garden hanging out the clothes," or laundry-maids with baskets all in a row. In either case the subject, I suspect, has been treated romantically. I do not believe that modern laundries really look like that. Sometimes, again, the picture has no connection with laundry work—a piece of mountain scenery or an apple orchard in bloom. But there is always blotting-paper on the other side.

With a little care I think that I could go through the year without buying any blotting-paper, depending entirely on the generosity of the laundries, with occasional help from the gas company. So far all that has been wanted has been the foundation, the blotting-pad; that I have had to buy for myself. But this year the foundation has been laid for me. My own laundry, the only laundry in London, I imagine, which so far has never sent me a piece of blotting-paper, sent me this Christmas a complete blotting-pad. I shall be able to look forward to subsisting during 1926 entirely on the laundries—so far, that is, as blotting-paper is concerned.

And now I wish that I could let the gas company and others who from time to time send me blotting-paper, know that the laundries will be looking after this need for me, and suggest that they should send me something else. It would save a great deal of waste if advertising of this sort were properly regulated, each class of business having its own recognised form of advertisement, to which custom and the rules of its own trade society would compel every firm to restrict itself. Such an arrangement would undoubtedly be to the advantage of the general public. It would also be to the advantage of the advertisers. What chance has the gas company of persuading me to burn more gas, or to add to the number of my gas fires, if its piece of blotting-paper arrives just after a laundry has kindly replenished my desk?

It would be for one of the advertising conferences to make the necessary regulations and allocate the different gifts. But as the makers of blotting-paper must largely subsist on the orders which they receive from laundries, it would be only courteous that they should reciprocate by advertising blotting-paper with, let us say, small gifts of linen. The linen-makers in turn, and so on, until we might hope ultimately to reach that desirable state in which all the businesses would exist very comfortably by supplying one another's advertising gifts, and the general public would not need to buy anything at all.

But I still wonder why laundries have such affection for blotting-paper. Does it in some remote way symbolise the fact that they never send home the sheets damp? I do not know. But, when you come to think of it, how little any of us know about laundries! Mr. Pickwick was greatly puzzled to find that the old women who swept out the offices in the Inns of Court were called laundresses, and even the ingenious Mr. Weller could offer no better explanation than that they had a mortal aversion to washing. Mr. Pickwick left it as a mystery. There is something mysterious, too, about the modern laundry. We make jokes about it. The professional humorist persists in believing, for example, that all laundries keep a special machine for the sole purpose of fraying collars. But consider what a matter for wonder is the laundry mark. How can that piece of red thread distinguish my linen from that of hundreds of other people? Of all mysterious marks which only the expert can understand, surely the laundry mark is the most wonderful. It is strange that a book has never been written about it. It is stranger still that the laundry mark has never been made the central idea of a tale of mystery.

In his beautiful story, "My Friend Toto," Mr. Cherry Kearton tells us how that wonderful chimpanzee washed all the handkerchiefs on board ship, dried them, and redelivered them. It was an ideal laundry, prompt, efficient, and zealous, and it charged nothing. But it failed in one thing. Toto made no provision for returning the handkerchiefs to the right people. It did not even occur to him that it was necessary for him to do this. When you read that story you see the little laundry mark as a symbol of the gulf between the human mind and even the cleverest of the apes.

It really is odd that we know so little about the way in which our clothes are washed. A visit to a laundry ought to be part of every woman's preparation for housekeeping. When I visit a laundry the first thing that I shall do will be to inquire for the blotting-paper department.

MISS LAURIE DE VINE

Who is a prominent member of the new edition of "Bon Ton" at the Trocadero, where she is delighting London with her dancing

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

WINTER COMFORT

The comfort of a closed car in winter is well suggested by this photograph of an Armstrong-Siddeley 18 h.p. Mark II model, with a "Chester" saloon body

THE motorist is starting 1926 full of good intentions, having made the usual resolutions (afterwards to be broken) concerning the better care and more systematic ordering of his motoring. I know of several motorists who have obtained large log-books in which they intend to enter the distance covered by the car on any day or week, the amount of fuel, oil, and water inserted, with their respective costs, the charges for any repairs or replacements, all with the praiseworthy idea of analysing their motoring costs so that the whole matter may be reviewed systematically. I am very much afraid, however, that the majority of them will have lost interest in their diaries when the summer has arrived.

***

THE motoring prospects for 1926 are exceptionally good. More and more people insist on buying motor cars, and numerous makers have made arrangements for increased output. Many prospective purchasers have realised the advantages, and, in most cases, the security, of the instalment system of payment, and now that some of the more undesirable features of this system of purchase have been eradicated the way to easy motoring is assured to thousands who previously had no hope of purchasing a car.

***

THERE are few motor manufacturers who have had the privilege of introducing a new word into the English language, but this distinction certainly belongs to Rolls-Royce, Ltd. The words "Rolls-Royce" are now often employed by their vendors to indicate that the goods they offer are among the best which can be obtained. It is, therefore, of interest to know that these creators of a new standard of excellence, and the makers of one of the world's best cars, in their annual report are announcing a profit for the year ended October 31st last amounting to £165,000, an increase on the figures for the previous period. The annual meeting of shareholders will be held at Derby on Friday, January 15th, where it will be recommended by the directors that a dividend of 8 per cent. shall be paid in respect of the year named.

***

ONE of the most interesting features of the motor car business during 1925 was the rapid increase in popularity of the Clyno car. In view of its very moderate price, it naturally made a large appeal to those not too well blessed with this world's goods, when, in addition to its cheapness, it was found that it had an attractive appearance, had a good performance, was economical to run, and was fully equipped, the prospective purchaser realised that he was obtaining extraordinarily good value for money. Instead of being intoxicated by the success of their car, the Clyno Engineering Company, Ltd., realised that there was an equally strong demand for a car slightly larger than their popular 11 h.p. They therefore introduced a 13 h.p. Clyno at the last Olympia Motor Exhibition, and it is not surprising that this car gives every indication of achieving equal, if not greater, popularity than its smaller sister.

***

THE 13 h.p. four-seater Clyno sells complete for £260. For this sum one obtains a four-cylinder engine, a three-speed and reverse gear box, four-wheel brakes of efficient design and action, balloon tyres, electric starting and lighting, and an equipment which includes a clock, petrol-can holder, spring gaiters, driving mirror, petrol gauge, speedometer, luggage grid, rear screen, all-weather equipment, three-panel windscreen, motor-driven electric horn, automatic windscreen wiper, dash lamp, radiator thermometer, adjustable front seat, and four doors. Any further suggestions for extra equipment will, I am sure, be thankfully received by the makers!

***

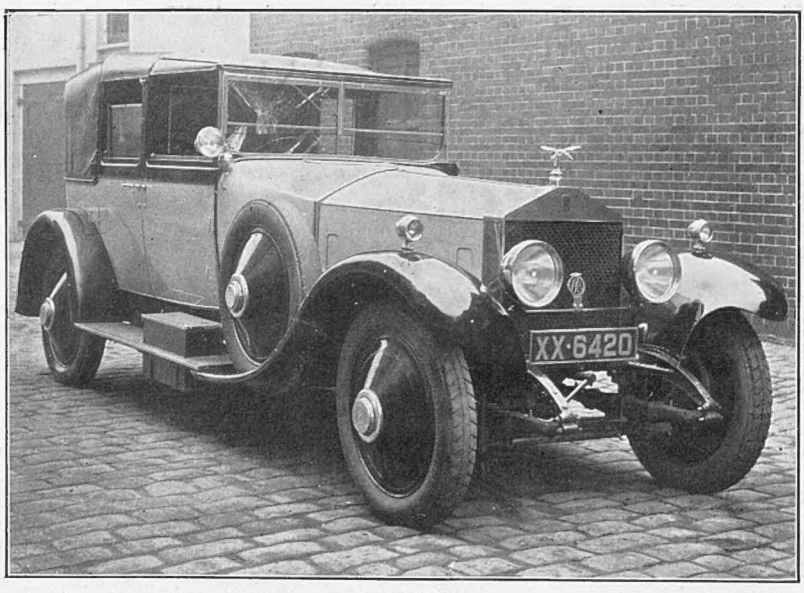
INTEREST in the Court-Treatt Cape-to-Cairo Expedition on Crossley cars has been accentuated by the latest cable which has been received. It reads as follows: "Leaving El-Obeid to-day, hell through Sudan Swamps, Officials estimate Cairo month, will confirm from Khartoum." From this it will be seen that the expedition has now reached the last stage of its journey. It has now to cross the White Nile to Khartoum and thence across the Nubian desert to Luxor, Assuit, Beni Suef, and, finally, to Cairo. The terse cable gives some indication of the difficulties with which the expedition is contending.

***

THE London-Exeter-London run, organised by the Motor Cycling Club soon after the Christmas holidays, forms another epic story of a "gallant 400." This was the number which left Staines one warm and spring-like night, yet before 100 miles had been covered the drivers were battling with a south-westerly gale, gusty downpours of torrential rain, disintegrated roads, and white mist. I accompanied the competitors for practically the whole of the journey, and I thanked what gods may be that I had a saloon car. So bad were the conditions on one lofty summit that I could not see an inch, so I pulled the car to the side of the road, turned on all the interior lights, and had a very nice picnic until the conditions improved.

***

AN innovation in the Exeter run last year was the timed section on Salcombe Hill. No results are available at the time of writing, but from personal observation I should say that a large number of cars in the largest class will have not attained the speeds set. It says much for the reliability of modern machines, however bad the road or weather conditions, that only 45 of the original 400 failed to finish. In some cases machines were withdrawn owing to physical inability.



SAFETY FIRST

The damage to the windscreen of this Rolls-Royce, belonging to Sir Victor Warrender, M.P., was caused by a pheasant flying into it. The bird was killed by the impact but not a fragment of the Triplex glass fell out, although the car was driven hundreds of miles with the screen in this condition

VAUXHALL

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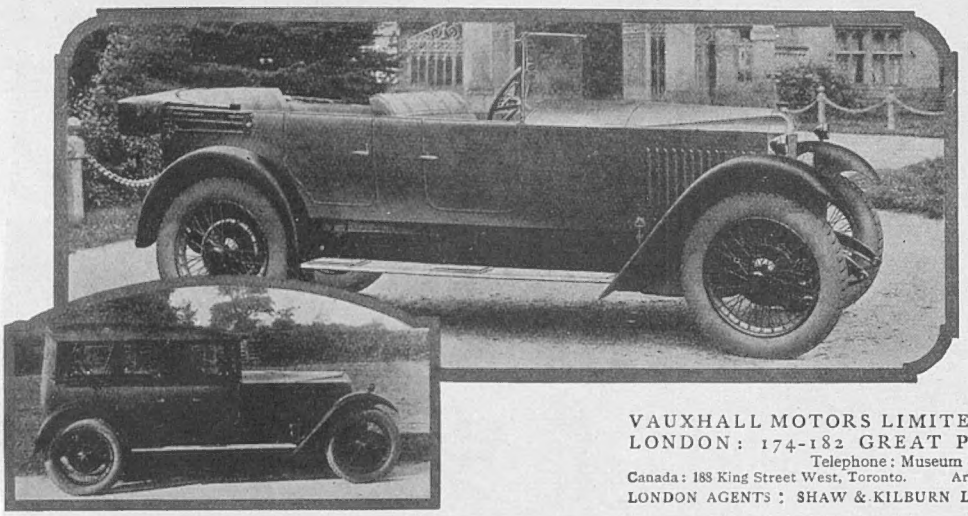

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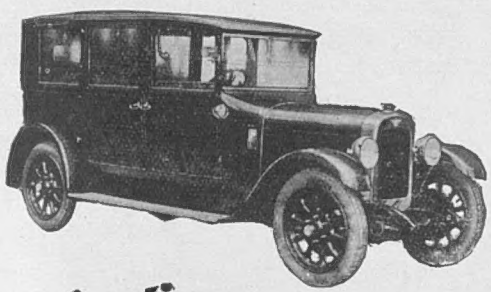

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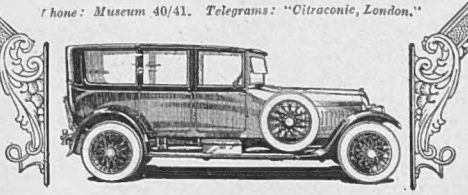

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A Quarter of a Century of World Progress

To commemorate the completion of the First Twenty-Five Years of the present century, THE GRAPHIC will publish in a specially enlarged issue on January 16 a remarkable survey of the Industrial, Commercial, Scientific and Social activities during that eventful period. An attractive cover in colour has been specially designed, and a number of articles dealing with various aspects of the progress which has been made have been contributed by leading authorities Among these are :—

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.
By Col. the Hon. F. Vernon Willey, C.M.G., M.V.O., C.B.E., President of the Federation of British Industries.

THE WONDER OF WIRELESS.
By Professor G. W. O. Howe, D.Sc., University of Glasgow.

THE TRIUMPHS OF ELECTRICITY.
By Professor J. A. Fleming, D.Sc., F.R.S., inventor of the the Thermionic Valve.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTOR CAR.
By Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.
By Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

ENGINEERING.
By the late Capt. H. Riall Sankey, C.B. (This is the last article written by Capt. Sankey before his sudden death recently.)

THE PROGRESS OF CHEMISTRY.
By Dr. J. E. Coates, University of Swansea.

Many leading British business firms have seized the opportunity to set forth their own developments during the quarter-century, and the stories they narrate provide stimulating reading in these days of industrial depression It is hoped, therefore, that this important publication by THE GRAPHIC will give a fresh impetus to British trade in the coming year.

Orders for The Graphic "Progress Number" should be placed immediately. The price will be 1s., *as usual.*